

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE OPERA SEASON. SIXPENCE.

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A NEAPOLITAN MAYTIME FESTIVAL: CELEBRATING THE PATRON SAINT OF THE CITY.

DRAWN BY GENNARO AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NAPLES.

Nearly every Neapolitan family has among its names that of Gennaro (Latin—Januarius), in honour of one of the first Christian bishops, who was martyred in the year 305 under Diocletian. It is said that the martyr's blood is preserved to this day in two little jars, and that three times a year—the first Sunday in May, the 19th of September, and the 16th of December—it liquefies. The so-called miracle takes place on the first Sunday in May in the beautiful church of St. Claire, Naples. Before the high altar is a colossal bust of the patron saint, within the head of which, tradition says, Gennaro's skull reposes. A curious feature of the festival is the setting free of birds.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Professor Goldwin Smith has written in the *Spectator* a striking letter on the evils of the party system. "If a man," he says, "being asked to devise a Constitution for a new-born community, should propose to divide the citizens permanently into two factions, for ever struggling against each other for the possession of power and place by such arts as faction invariably uses, each of them always doing its utmost to make government impossible in the hands of its rival, he would hardly be thought sane." And yet the system is worked in every civilised country by sane people, some countries treating the normal supply of two factions as old-fashioned, and regaling themselves with a larger number. Does anybody know how many parties there are in Austria and Hungary? "There will always be two sides to every political question," says the *Spectator*. With the present composition of parties even in this old country, I should say there were often half-a-dozen sides. One great question of immediate interest, as I gather from the experts, has six sides, which may be enumerated thus: (1 and 2) the Government and Opposition sides; (3) the statesmanlike side; (4) the teetotal side; (5) the publican's side; (6) the side the Irish party may take to bother the Government or the Opposition, or both. When you consider the sub-divisions of which side number three is capable, the resources of the party system for the production of lively chaos can scarcely be overestimated.

But, as the *Spectator* asks, what is the alternative? If you have one set of men in office, this must be very displeasing to another set. Professor Goldwin Smith inclines to the maxim, "Whatever is best administered is best," and wonders why the official set cannot content themselves with administration instead of legislating. Even if that were possible the other set would still urge the country to change its administrators. The belief of unemployed politicians that they alone can manage the public departments is heroic. I see it every day in all the majesty of the fixed idea. It is not the ordinary party spirit, so aptly illustrated by the anecdote of the little Tory girl who said to her mother: "Did Mr. Gladstone grow wicked, mamma, or was he born so?" It is a sublime egoism. You hear it say, "Whatever is best administered is best. Most true: if it be administered by me." That devotion to the public service makes it imperative to turn out the other fellows at any cost. How is Professor Goldwin Smith going to ensure to any set of administrators the undisturbed enjoyment of office amidst the acquiescence of their countrymen?

Shakspeare's Birthday is a queer stimulus to enthusiasm. In the usual flood of oratory that surges over him, you will find the usual assumption that the poet who was for all time is exclusively for our time, for our standards of taste and ethics. His strictly Elizabethan quality, above all, his serene tolerance of human nature, are either ignored or denied and attributed to somebody else. It is quite certain that no genius, however great, would be permitted in our day to paint the exceeding breadth of Falstaff. So a learned advocate, discoursing to the Savage Club on the Birthday, proclaimed the dogma that Shakspeare is free from "coarseness." It follows either that Falstaff is distinguished by "purity of feeling," or that Shakspeare did not make him. For which theory will the learned advocate hold a brief? Garrick, when he had mutilated "The Winter's Tale," wrote this remarkable couplet—

'Tis my chief joy, my hope, my only plan,  
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

Falstaff is a pretty strong drop, and must be taken or rejected; he cannot be disguised in any solution of modern propriety. If the learned advocate will not have him, he must make the best shift he can in the literature which survives speeches at the Savage Club and addresses to the British jury.

There was no Birthday oratory of real note except Mr. William Archer's speech at Birmingham. He said that the worthiest tribute to Shakspeare would be a living English drama; an opinion which should be digested by enthusiasts who think they serve Shakspeare best by despising the modern stage. Mr. Archer has fought manfully against that spirit for many years. He has never made it the function of dramatic criticism to disparage the theatre, the actor, and the audience. He is a man of letters with wide accomplishments; but it never occurs to him, in writing about the play and its interpreters, that he is condescending to the small beer of pitiful atoms. It does not strike him that dramatic illusion is a vulgar kind of hypnotism, or that æsthetic pleasure is any more humiliating in a theatre than in a concert-room or a picture-gallery. Since Lamb no writer has loved the drama with a more genuine passion, or done it more loyal service. Some of us have smiled now and then at Mr. Archer's zeal; but I think we have more reason to envy his steadfast devotion to an ideal. As he said at Birmingham, the

state of the English drama just now is not brilliant; but whatever criticism can do for its interests will be done by his sympathetic method, and not by the policy of suggesting that the drama is a childish toy, rather beneath the notice of intellectual persons.

Why does the Elizabethan Stage Society fondly imagine that its mission is to present Shakspeare's plays "after the manner of his time"? What that manner was it is impossible to say; but, as near as one can guess, it was not in the least like the manner of the Elizabethan Stage Society. For instance, Shakspeare's heroines in his day were played by boys. As Mr. William Poel would not dream of asking us to accept a boy Juliet or a boy Beatrice now, why keep up this figment about the manner of Shakspeare's time? What he thought of the Juliets and Portias in his company nobody knows—not even the people who discover cryptograms in Bacon. Colley Cibber, who knew Stephen Hammerton, "a beautiful woman actor," and Kynaston, a great pet with fashionable ladies because he was such a charming girl, surmises that Shakspeare drew Ophelia and Desdemona very gentle and subdued, so as not to overtax the feminine accomplishments of his boys. He might as well have said that Beatrice was drawn for a boy because she is so saucy. Just think of Kynaston, the ladies' pet, singing heigho for a husband! Clearly Shakspeare did not write for his actors; for his women, even when they go masquerading as men, "turning two mincing steps into a manly stride," sacrifice no jot of their womanhood to the manner of the time, which Mr. Poel would have in his keeping.

The Elizabethan Stage Society has a passion for dispensing with scenery and stage accessories. Shakspeare apparently did not rise to this great ideal, for he bewailed his military equipment for Agincourt, and in "King Henry VIII." he used cannon, which set fire to the theatre. In the church scene of "Much Ado" Mr. Poel introduces an altar; but he will not let Benedick have his arbour in the orchard. If we are to imagine the orchard, why not imagine the altar? When I saw "Much Ado" at Burlington House the other afternoon, poor Benedick had to sit on the steps leading to the stage, and pretend that he was in the arbour, while the confederates, telling each other tараiddles how Beatrice was dying of love, had to pretend that they could not see him. Oddest pretence of all that this is the austerity of true homage to Shakspeare, who gains in dignity by such mishandling!

The Lord Chamberlain's Office seems to be the Home of Humour. It is said to have issued a circular to theatrical managers, requiring them to submit "gags and encore verses" for the Lord Chamberlain's approval. Now, the encore verse is the spontaneous trifle which Mr. Rutland Barrington knocks off in his dressing-room as he glances through the evening papers. Something in the night's news takes his fancy; he slips it deftly into rhyme, and sings it ten minutes later. How is the Lord Chamberlain to be consulted about this masterpiece? Mr. Huntley Wright has an inspiration for a "gag." It comes upon him without warning, and he utters it in the rollicking frenzy of the moment. How is he to rehearse this to the Lord Chamberlain? Now you see the departmental joke! The Lord Chamberlain's Office says to itself, "These professional funny folks are not in it with me. Ha! Who's got the laugh now?"

But the resources of the comedian are not exhausted. Mr. Huntley Wright might come down to the foot-lights and say, with a mournful expression: "I thought of a beautiful 'gag' a few minutes ago, but I mustn't speak it." Disappointed Audience: "Why not?" Mr. Huntley Wright: "Well, you see, as soon as it came into my head I jumped into my motor-car—always keep a motor-car at the stage-door for this job—and tore off to the Lord Chamberlain's private residence. He was at dessert, but I bounced into the dining-room and said I hadn't a moment to lose, so would he please give his official sanction to this beautiful gag. And would you believe it, it killed him! He died of laughing, and with his last breath he said, 'I forbid it, Huntley—it won't do for the public!' So nice of him to call me Huntley with his dying voice! I shall never forget it. There he was a corpse, all among the almonds and raisins, and my beautiful gag had killed him, and so I respect his sacred wishes." This, I fancy, would recapture the laugh from the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

The censorship of our stage is apt to be fussy. No playgoer, to my knowledge, has been struck by the indiscretions of "gags and encore verses." These inspirations may not always be brilliant; but the notion that they need the kind of supervision which will extinguish them does injustice to the universal decorum. If the Lord Chamberlain wants to know how decorous we are, he should disguise himself and make a round of the minor music-halls. I have found them schools of manners, where the heart is in the right place, and the "gags and encore verses" are garlands on the altar of England, home, and beauty.

## THE NEW CARLYLE LETTERS.

The evil spirit of controversy that has of late haunted so indecently the memory of the Carlyles has been of set purpose excluded by Mr. Alexander Carlyle from the volumes which complete his editorial labours in the correspondence of the historian and his wife. "The New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" (John Lane) end the "Epistolary Autobiography" begun by the publication of the Early Letters, and form a sequel to the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle" published under the editorship of Professor Norton. Most of the letters in the collection now before us are addressed to Carlyle's mother, his wife, his brothers Alexander and John, and his sister, Mrs. Aitken. That they afford the most intimate revelation of his inner self is almost a foregone conclusion; but their most remarkable feature is the extraordinary fidelity of their resemblance to his great works. The trend of the thought, the turn of phrase, the informing *Geist*, declare every other passage the cousin german of some memorable period in "Sartor" or the "Heroes": these chiefly, but the ever-present vision and moralising on this earthly Phantasm proclaim the creator of the fierce poem of Revolution, or the restorer of Oliver and Frederick the Great.

No attentive student of Carlyle will be surprised to find in these letters fuller assurance of the Sage's abounding humanity, his tenderness even. Whatever be the truth about his domestic sorrows, it is manifest that he was devoted to his wife. Either that, or he was an epistolary hypocrite where Mrs. Carlyle was concerned; and the latter hypothesis is absurd. She is his "dear Goody," "dear bairn," "thou dear Goody of me"; and her distress, mental or physical, is his also. But the root of bitterness is not disguised—nay, rather, it is boldly and playfully acknowledged: "It is a tolerably good sign of me, when I long to have loved ones near me, especially sharp tempered wives." There the matter should rest. They adored each other; they rasped each other's nerves—no inconceivable situation. Regarding the charges of ill-usage on Carlyle's part, the editor in a line or two consigns them to the region of myth, and leaves these new letters to supply the defence. It is ample.

More valuable, however, than as affording mere sidelights on an unprofitable question is the use to which the collection may be put as an embryology of Carlyle's works. Here we see them all in the making; here in favoured instances we trace the very root of the Idea. The Cromwell documents may be "jumbling, drowsy, endless stupidities—"

Yet I say to myself a Great Man does lie buried under this waste continent of cinders, and a Great Action: canst thou not *unbury* them, present them visible, and so help, as it were, in the creation of them? We shall see.

How fierce a struggle all work was to him, and particularly this work on Oliver, the letters leave no room to doubt. Everything short of a Book, and that one on which literal agony and bloody sweat have been expended, he holds in contempt. His reviews and articles he regards as "worth nothing except the money they bring." At one point he declares his lectures "trash." But the admirable thing about this correspondence is its revelation of a far less morose Carlyle than we are accustomed to figure to ourselves. Here we have a man who is often able to rejoice in the world as he finds it, when he has had enough horse-exercise to keep him fairly "eupeptic"; a man of friends, too, and one who can greet even the least likely caller with an even and—who shall deny?—something of a genial front. Among casual visitors, who should appear one day at Cheyne Row but Count d'Orsay. Here, surely, if ever, was a peg for "clothes philosophy." But of that not a word. True Thomas looks him through and through, finds something redeeming in the man, takes the visit of this "Phœbus Apollo of Dandyism" as "the strangest compliment of all"—

Withal a rather substantial fellow at bottom, by no means without insight, without fun, and a sort of rough sarcasm rather striking out of such a porcelain figure: he said, in looking at Shelley's bust, in his French accent: "Ah! It is one of those faces who *weesh* to swallow their *chin*." . . . He admired "the fine epic," etc., etc., hoped I would call soon and see Lady Blessington withal. . . . Jane laughed for two days at the contrast of my plaid dressing-gown, bilious iron countenance, and this Paphian apparition.

There are three other glimpses of d'Orsay. Once Carlyle "dined at d'Orsaydom or Blessingtondom. . . Countess B. I did not fall in love with; ah no, tho' she is smart, good-humoured, blandishing, an *elderly* wild Irish girl."

To John Sterling, of course, there are frequent epistles. He had, about the time the letters begin, to go into enforced exile in quest of health, and Carlyle took the separation badly. During his absence abroad, Sterling finished his "Strafford," and sent the manuscript to Chelsea for judgment. The verdict was very candid. It was to be indeed a *vere dictum*, said the Sage, with etymological waggings of the head and an acute accent upon the *vere*. Sterling was accordingly told that he had not rightly got hold of Strafford and his times, but nevertheless it was likely enough to be readable when handsomely set out in type. Yet over the wisdom of printing it at all Carlyle was dubious—more dubious, perhaps, in writing than in thought. Browning also was favoured with honest criticism of "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes." There is more than a hint that the poet was unpardonably obscure, and that he must mend that fault. At the same time he is reminded that his gift is worth cultivating. And so they became friends. Tennyson flits across the pages, and familiar reports of his visits to Cheyne Row are corroborated and strengthened by the first mention of him—

Alfred is a right hearty talker, and one of the powerfulest smokers I have ever worked along with in that department.

Engrossing as are these and such-like glimpses of friendship with the great, it is the letters of Carlyle and his mother that remain the most sacred and moving contribution to these admirable volumes.



## THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

"All quiet on the Yalu"; the same information comes from St. Petersburg as from Tokio, but there can be little doubt that the quiet is of that nature that portends trouble, the calm which precedes the storm. Once again the interest has shifted to the Korean frontier, where the outposts of the belligerents are in touch, and where skirmishes of a minor character are of almost daily occurrence. Apparently the Russians have made up their minds to test the strength of their opponents hereabouts, and it is the impending campaign on the mainland which must tax the resources of Japan and the skill of her military leaders to the utmost.

It is almost unnecessary to point out that the Russians have not got an ideal position for defence in this place, since the right flank is liable to be turned from the sea, and the base, at Liau-Yang, is a long way to the rear, with communication over difficult roads. The reported movements of Cossacks on the right flank of the Japanese are exceedingly problematical. The possibility of a force advancing by the valley of the Tumen has already been discussed in this column and dismissed as a mere newspaper *canard* flown for home consumption by the semi-official agencies. The appearance of a Japanese squadron in the neighbourhood of Possiet Bay would as speedily explode it again as on the occasion of Admiral Kamimura's visit in March last. If there is one thing more obvious about the Japanese arrangements than another it is their completeness in the matter of detail; and if the commanders of the Russian troops are not more enterprising, active, and alert than their brethren of the sea forces, then more humiliation is surely in store for the great Muscovite Empire.

It would not be well, however, to speculate on anything of the kind. The failure of the fleet is due in main to a lack of perception of naval requirements on the part of the authorities, but it has never been charged against Russia that she had failed to realise the needs and uses of her army.

We are as yet without any trustworthy estimate of the numbers of the Russians in the neighbourhood of the Yalu, but it has been calculated that at least 50,000 men are needed for the defence of the position. Of these, 15,000 are wanted for what may be called protection for the sea-front. The tactical disposition of the defenders is said to be based on the carrying capacity of the Japanese transports, estimated at something less than 50,000 soldiers. And as the transports take about fourteen days to make the passage from the home ports, the notion is that during this period opportunity will be given to concentrate against the first arrivals and beat them before their comrades arrive on the scene of action. According to Colonel Vannovsky, lately a Russian military attaché at Tokio, the Japanese Generals Kuroki and Oku, who command on the Yalu, cannot be expected to do "anything extraordinary"; but at least they are not likely to play into the enemy's hands in this fashion. The Japanese military chiefs must be credited with appreciating the value of concentration quite as much as their antagonists.

At length there is fresh news of the Vladivostok squadron. It has been reported at sea, and its torpedo-boats have destroyed a small Japanese vessel. It is a really marvellous matter that no more has been essayed by this fine squadron of cruisers. Effectively handled by a smart, active, and enterprising officer, it should have made its presence felt long before this. That it has not done so is another indication of the ineptitude that has characterised naval authority in Russia. In the opinion of many expert observers, there is still a chance to save some of the faster vessels of the Port Arthur fleet by a combined movement with the Vladivostok division. Perhaps Admiral Skrydloff may attempt something of the kind, but to do so he must be given the control of both forces. A threatened attack from the northern port would certainly lead to a weakening of Togo's fleet, and then the opportunity might arise for the speedier vessels to make a run from Port Arthur. But they must have coilers stationed somewhere to meet them, and the Vladivostok ships must be apprised of the rendezvous chosen for a junction. If the Vladivostok division does not do something soon they may expect to be shut up in port as their friends have been, for the islands at the entrance to the harbour can be occupied and the vessels rendered useless to Russia.

## PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Akers-Douglas introduced the Licensing Bill, embodying the principle of compensation recommended by the Royal Commission. The particular method adopted by the Government gave rise to lively dissensions. It is proposed that licenses extinguished on public grounds shall carry compensation calculated on the difference between the value of the licensed premises and the value without the license. The compensation shall be provided out of a fund raised by graduated duties on the licensed houses in every district. Quarter Sessions shall control this fund, and decide upon the extinction of licenses. There was a warm debate on the first reading. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said the Opposition would resist the Bill at every stage.

On the second reading of the Aliens Immigration Bill, Sir Charles Dilke moved an amendment with a view to safeguard the interests of the political refugee. It was denied by the Government that the Bill would affect the right of the refugee of that type. It was meant to exclude criminals and paupers. This view was supported on the Liberal benches by Mr. Henry Norman and Mr. Sydney Buxton, but denounced by Mr. John Burns. The second reading was carried by a majority of 124.

Sir William Anson brought in a Bill to indemnify school managers who were deprived of the education rate by local authorities. This measure is aimed at the Welsh County Councils. On April 26 the Government narrowly escaped defeat on a "snap" division on the Income Tax.

## Editorial Note.

## THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND

*will occupy a large portion of our space in next week's number. All the principal events of the tour will be illustrated by our Special Artists. This week we give views of the historic Irish residences where his Majesty is being entertained.*

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A new Luncheon Car Express, running without a stop to Crewe, will leave Euston at 12.10 noon, and arrive Manchester (London Road) at 3.50 p.m., and Liverpool (Line Street) at 4.15 p.m.

The 5.30 p.m. Dining Car Express will be accelerated to arrive Liverpool (Line Street) at 9.15 p.m., and will not convey passengers for Manchester.

A new Dining Car Express will leave Euston at 6 p.m., calling at Stockport only, arriving at Manchester (London Road) at 9.30 p.m., performing the journey in 3½ hours.

The 12 noon Luncheon Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 12.10 noon, and be accelerated to arrive at Euston at 4 p.m.

The 2 p.m. Express from Liverpool (Line Street) will leave at 2.5 p.m., and be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 2.10 p.m. Express from Manchester (London Road) will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 4.15 p.m. Dining Car Express from Line Street will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 8.10 p.m.

The 4.15 p.m. Dining Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 4.10 p.m., call at Stockport only, and arrive Euston 7.40 p.m., performing the journey in 3¼ hours.

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The 6.30 p.m. Belfast to Greenore, will leave at 6.45 p.m., and the 8.10 p.m. Steamer, Greenore to Holyhead, will leave at 8.20 p.m., connecting with the 2 a.m. Sleeping Car Express from Holyhead, which will be accelerated to arrive Euston 7.30 a.m.

VIA FLEETWOOD.

The 5.30 p.m. Express from Euston, instead of the 5.35 p.m., will convey passengers for Fleetwood, and Belfast and Ireland via Fleetwood.

The 5.45 a.m. Express from Fleetwood in connection with the 8.30 p.m. Steamer from Belfast will call at Warrington to set down passengers from Ireland, and be accelerated to arrive Euston 10.50 a.m.

FURTHER TRAIN ALTERATIONS.

The 10.15 a.m. Euston to Crewe, will call at Northampton in addition to present stoppages.

The 12.5 noon Express, Euston to Birmingham and to Manchester via Stoke, will leave at 12.15 noon.

A new Express Train will leave Euston at 12.10 noon for Chester and Birkenhead.

The 5 p.m. Euston to Rugby, will travel via Weedon instead of via Northampton, and call at Bilsborrow and Weedon.

The 5.35 p.m. Euston to Crewe, &c., will travel via Northampton, and call there and at Stafford in addition to present stoppages.

The 5.30 p.m. Euston to Crewe, will convey a carriage for Buxton which will be slipped at Nuneaton, and the Buxton carriage on the 5.35 p.m. from Euston will be discontinued.

The 6.30 p.m. Euston to Rugby and Stafford, will be discontinued.

The 7 p.m. Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will call at Rugby in addition to present stoppages.

May 1904. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlargement of which has been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1904. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

## LONDON BRIGHTON &amp; SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

FIRST CLASS CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS.—BRIGHTON, from Victoria, SUNDAYS at 11.0 a.m. (Pullman Limited). Fare 12s. 1 also at 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., 1st. Cl. 10s.; Pullman, 12s. WEEK-DAYS at 10.5 a.m., Pullman 12s. Similar tickets to Worthing by these Trains.

EASTBOURNE.—From Victoria, Sundays, 9.25 a.m., 1st Cl., & 11.15 a.m. Pullman. Week-days 9.50 a.m., 1st Cl. & Pullman. Day Return Tickets, 10s. 1st Cl. & 12s. Pullman.

BEXHILL (10s.) & HASTINGS (10s. 6d.) Sundays, from Victoria & London Bridge 9.25 a.m., 1st Cl.

## SPRING SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST.—Cheap

Day Return Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) Week-days to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill & Hastings. Also WEEK-END TICKETS every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to these places, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Details of Supt. of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

## O.P.L. CRUISES IN SUNNY LANDS.

The Orient-Pacific Line will despatch the twin-screw steamer "ORONTES," 9023 tons' register.

To MOROCCO, BALEARIC ISLANDS, ALGERIA, &c.,

From London May 20, sailing TANGIER, PALMA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, and VIGO, arriving back in London June 4.

15 DAYS for 15 guineas and upwards.

Managers { F. GREEN and CO. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue.

ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO. } For PASSAGE apply to the latter firm at 5, FENCHURCH AVENUE, E.C., or to West-End Branch Office: 28, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

## P. &amp; O. STEAM YACHT "VECTIS,"

6000 tons; 6000 h.p., will leave on her first Pleasure Cruise to NORWAY and the FAR NORTH in the first week of July.

For particulars apply to the Company's West-End Office, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

## CHURCH BELL FOUNDRY.

Established 1570.

MEARS & STAINBANK,

34, Whitechapel Road, London, E.

## HARROGATE.—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT.

World-renowned Mineral Springs (over 80).

Finest Baths in Europe. Hydrotherapy of every description.

Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery. Walks and Drives.

Varied Entertainments daily in new Kursaal.

Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from Manager, ROYAL BATHS, HARROGATE.

## LONDON HIPPODROME.

CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

Twice DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE KING'S IRISH VISIT.

His Majesty's second visit to Ireland since his accession began on April 26. Accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, the King left London on the afternoon of April 25, proceeding to Holyhead by the London and North-Western Railway. At Holyhead the *Victoria and Albert* was in waiting, and their Majesties, after receiving addresses from the local officials, went on board the yacht, which sailed about six the next morning. The *Victoria and Albert* was escorted by the *Lancaster* and *Funo*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Foyle*, *Contest*, *Leven*, and *Thorn* were in attendance. About eight o'clock the *Victoria and Albert* dropped anchor off Kingstown Harbour, while a royal salute was fired from the war-ships. The crossing was fairly smooth, though a fresh breeze was blowing. Shortly after half-past nine o'clock, the Duke of Connaught and the Lord Lieutenant went out in a pinnace to the royal yacht and formally bade their Majesties welcome to Ireland. When the King and Queen landed at Kingstown addresses were presented, and the royal visitors proceeded at once to PuncHESTOWN, where they witnessed the races held under the auspices of the Kildare Hunt Club. The royal party lunched in the new apartments at the grand stand. At Naas addresses were presented by the Urban District Council. In the evening their Majesties reached Dublin.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN VIENNA.

There is no rest for royal personages on their visits to other royal houses, and event succeeded event in even quicker succession than usual during the Prince and Princess's visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna. On the second day of their brief sojourn, their Royal Highnesses visited St. Stephen's Church and the treasure of the Holy Roman and Austrian Emperors in the Burg. Of the former visit we give an illustration elsewhere. Dinners, a Court Ball, a State Banquet, at which the Emperor and the Prince toasted each other, were among the many celebrations that marked the occasion. On April 22 the Prince went capercailzie-shooting at Neuburg. The same evening the official programme closed with a banquet at the Embassy. On the following morning their Royal Highnesses left for Stuttgart.

## PRESIDENT LOUBET IN ITALY.

President Loubet left Paris to return King Victor Emmanuel's visit on April 23. His departure was quite informal, and there was little or no public demonstration. Rome, however, was all agog to welcome the First Citizen of France, and the Romans took care that M. Loubet should have an enthusiastic reception. At the railway station King Victor Emmanuel met his guest in person. During the drive to the Quirinal, Prince Colonna, the Mayor of Rome, offered the city's greeting in the Piazza Delle Terme. At the Palace, Queen Elena welcomed the President, who was conducted thereafter to the suite of

## THE GREAT CITY FIRE.

and North-Western Railway Company's goods depot in the Minories and raged fiercely during the early hours of the morning, which is believed to have broken wool ware-covered an tract of tending from High Street Street, and sell Street to Street. One houses, large quan- was stored delivery to offices, shortly after and the con- became so that many residing in the immediate neighbourhood prepared to retreat, and were sheltered by a hotel proprietor. The gallant efforts of two hundred firemen were, however, successful, and about three a.m. the fire was got under control. Two firemen were slightly injured.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE HON. THOMAS ROLLS  
WARRINGTON,  
NEW JUDGE OF THE CHANCERY  
DIVISION.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Rear-Admiral Sir William Cecil Henry Domville, fourth Baronet of St. Albans, who died on April 22, was the only son of the third Baronet, and was born in December 1849. He entered the senior service as a cadet in 1863, became Sub-Lieutenant and Lieutenant in 1869, Commander in 1881, Captain in 1886, and Rear-Admiral on the retired list in 1900. During the operations in the Eastern Soudan in 1885 he was in command of the *Condor*, and was chief officer of the naval brigade at Hasheen when the half-constructed zariba was surprised. In 1887 he was appointed Naval Attaché for Europe.

Chiefly owing to the comparatively dull nature of the business of the Chancery Division, Mr. Thomas Rolls Warrington, K.C., who has been appointed to the Judgeship rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Byrne, is little known to the public at large. In legal circles, however, he is not only popular, but is recognised as having a thoroughly sound knowledge of the law he is now called to administer. Mr. Warrington, who was born in 1851, was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1875, and took silk twenty years later. He was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1897, and has devoted much energy to the work entailed by his membership of the General Council of the Bar. Leader in Mr. Justice Kekewich's Court for some years past, he was most recently associated with Chancery suits arising out of the Whitaker Wright failures.

John Coleman, who died on April 21 at the age of seventy-three, was well known as actor, author, playwright, and manager. As actor he was associated with many "stars," notably with Macready (to whose Iago he played Othello), Helen Faucit, the Keans, Buckstone, Charlotte Cushman, Phelps, and Salvini; as author he was best known by "Curly," "The Rival Queens," and by his memoirs of Charles Reade and Samuel Phelps; as playwright his name appeared,

them under regrettable circumstances." There should be "no dissension and no recrimination, and he asked them to shake hands with the others, and show the world they were not ungrateful or vindictive." It is instructive to contrast this with the mischievous speeches of Mr. Stead in Cape Colony. Recrimination and vindictiveness were the inspiring elements of his unhappy visit. It is evident that the spirit of the Boers in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony is far more dignified and pacific than the spirit to which Mr. Stead appealed by telling the Cape Dutch that they ought to have resisted the landing of British troops in 1899.

## THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Olney is as highly respected as Mr. Justice Parker, who seems at present to have the greater chance of being ultimately chosen as the Democratic champion. It is remembered against Mr. Olney by some English writers that he was Secretary of State when President Cleveland came very near a diplomatic quarrel with this country. Mr. Olney wrote some extraordinary despatches, in one of which it was not obscurely hinted that the British flag in Canada was a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. But nobody in America takes that seriously now. Even if Mr. Olney were likely to become President, there would be no reason for a British "scare." The election of



Photo, Ellis and Watery.  
THE LATE JOHN COLEMAN,  
ACTOR, AUTHOR, PLAYWRIGHT,  
AND MANAGER.

such a Democratic candidate as Mr. Hearst would harm America more than the rest of the world. Mr. Roosevelt's prospects are apparently considered to have improved, and he is in a fair way to secure the Republican nomination in spite of the divisions in his party.

## THE OPERA SEASON.

The opera season of 1904 opens at Covent Garden on the evening of May 2 with "Don Giovanni." This year there will be no cycles of the "Ring," but special performances of favourite works have been arranged, to be conducted by Dr. Hans Richter. These will be classed in three series. On the second evening "Tristan und Isolde" is to be given. Elsewhere we have fully described and illustrated the features of the coming season, which promises to be brilliant.

## THE GRAND LAMA.

The Dalai Lama is still a problem, although the Chinese Amban declares that he has at last brought him to a proper frame of mind, and that he will communicate with Colonel Younghusband. Even as it is, the British Mission may have to march to Lhasa and confront the Grand Lama. His capacity for obstinacy may yet put the Indian Government in a dilemma. It is quite possible that he may refuse to confer with Colonel Younghusband, even when the British force is in his capital. This would be decidedly awkward. A perfectly uncommunicative Lama cannot be made to talk against his will. There is a rival Lama who might be more obliging, but he has no authority at Lhasa. The humour of this situation would be more highly



THE OLD GATES OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL ON A NEW SITE.

The gates of the old Bluecoat School, which stood so long in London, have been re-erected in the cloisters of the new College at Horsham.



THE ACCIDENT IN THE SIDE-SLIP MOTOR TRIALS: THE WRECKED CAR.

On April 23, at Kettering, the Benz car here shown turned a complete somersault while the driver was trying to avoid a dog.

apartments assigned to him, the same as were occupied last year by King Edward VII. A popular demonstration, including a torchlight procession, took place during the evening in front of the Palace.

M. Loubet's visit to the King POPE AND PRESIDENT. of Italy at Rome precludes him from paying a visit to the Pope. It is the etiquette of the Vatican not to receive any distinguished foreign visitor to Rome who is made at home at the Quirinal. This is the principle of Papal politics. No exception can be made, as with King Edward, in M. Loubet's case. Is he not, moreover, President of a Republic which makes war on the religious orders? But although the Vatican will not be friends with the Quirinal nor with the Quirinal's friends, the world moves on as usual. It does not greatly matter that the Pope is irreconcilable with the secular power in Italy. He does not reign in the temporal sphere, and never will.

alone or in company, under the titles of over a hundred plays; as manager he was connected with numerous touring companies, with Drury Lane, the Olympic, and the Queen's, Long Acre. Among those with whom he collaborated were Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, and Robert Buchanan. His last appearance was probably as the Prime Minister in "The Price of Peace" in a touring company. His methods were those of the old school, and he was little known to the present generation.

## GENERAL BOTHA.

General Botha's speech to the Transvaal farmers will sorely disappoint the people who want to see disaffection in the Colony solely to spite Lord Milner. General Botha scoffed at all talk of projects of revolution. "There was a proper period and a right manner in which to obtain a vote in the government of the country." The object of the burghers was "to strengthen the hands of the Government, and to help

appreciated at St. Petersburg than in India. It might be still more gratifying to Peking. But we may hope that Colonel Younghusband will discover some means of persuading the Grand Lama that he is dependent on the goodwill of the Indian Government, even if the Mission has to sit down at his door for months.

## AUSTRALIAN LABOUR VICTORY.

The Labour party has triumphed in Australia. On April 21 it defeated the Federal Government during the discussion of the Arbitration Bill in the House of Representatives. Mr. Fisher, a Labour member, proposed an amendment making the Bill applicable to State employes, and this was carried by thirty-eight votes to twenty-nine. The victory was due to a combination of the Labour party with a section of the Free Traders. The Government resigned, and Mr. Watson, a Labour leader, has formed a Cabinet, of which all the members but one represent Labour.



# THE KING IN IRELAND: SCENES OF HIS MAJESTY'S SOJOURN IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE, BY POOLE, AND BY M. F. COTTON.



1. KILKENNY CASTLE. THE SCENE OF THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.
2. THE KING'S HEADQUARTERS IN DUBLIN: THE VICEREGAL LODGE.
3. THE CITY OF WATERFORD, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES ON MAY 3.

4. LISMORE CASTLE: THE RIDING-TOWER.
5. LISMORE CASTLE: KING JOHN'S TOWER.
6. THE RIVER BLACKWATER FROM LISMORE CASTLE.

7. THE SCENE OF THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: LISMORE CASTLE.
8. LISMORE CASTLE: THE YEW-TREE WALK.
9. LISMORE CASTLE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURTYARD.



# THE TOILSOME MARCH OF THE JAPANESE TOWARDS THE YALU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN KOREA.



1. ENFORCED HELP FROM KOREAN NATIVES: THE JAPANESE TROOPS LEAVING SONGDO COMPELLING KOREANS TO CARRY THEIR BAGGAGE.

2. THE JAPANESE ENGINEERS AT WORK: BUILDING A PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE TAITONG RIVER.

3. AWAITING THE COMPLETION OF THE PONTOON BRIDGE: THE 14TH REGIMENT HALTING IN FROZEN SAND OPPOSITE PING-YANG.

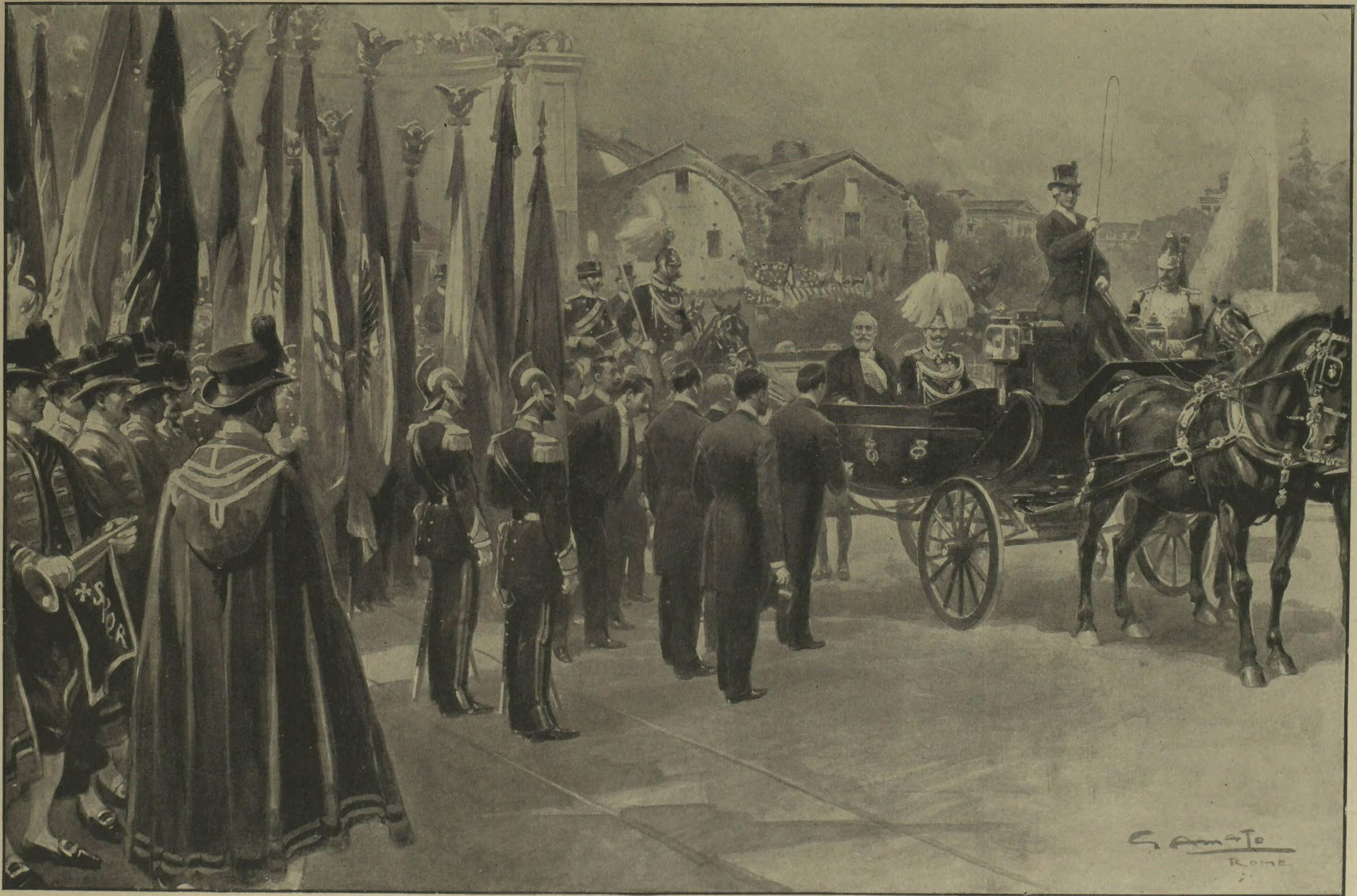
4. THE 14TH REGIMENT ON THE WAY TO PING-YANG: FOOTSOE SOLDIERS IN CARTS.

5. A BRIEF REST: COOLIES HALTING UNDER GUARD.



THE ETERNAL CITY'S WELCOME--TO THE--FIRST--REPUBLICAN IN EUROPE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



PRINCE COLONNA, MAYOR OF ROME, PRESENTING THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO PRESIDENT LOUBET ON HIS ARRIVAL, APRIL 24.

*As King Victor Emmanuel drove with the First Citizen of France to the Quirinal, a halt was made in the Piazza Delle Terme to permit the Mayor of Rome to present an address. Prince Colonna was attended by the representatives of the civic and national associations with their banners. The scene had a picturesque background of buildings of old and new Rome, including the Baths of Diocletian.*





A RELIC OF THE LAST HUMAN SACRIFICE IN INDIA.

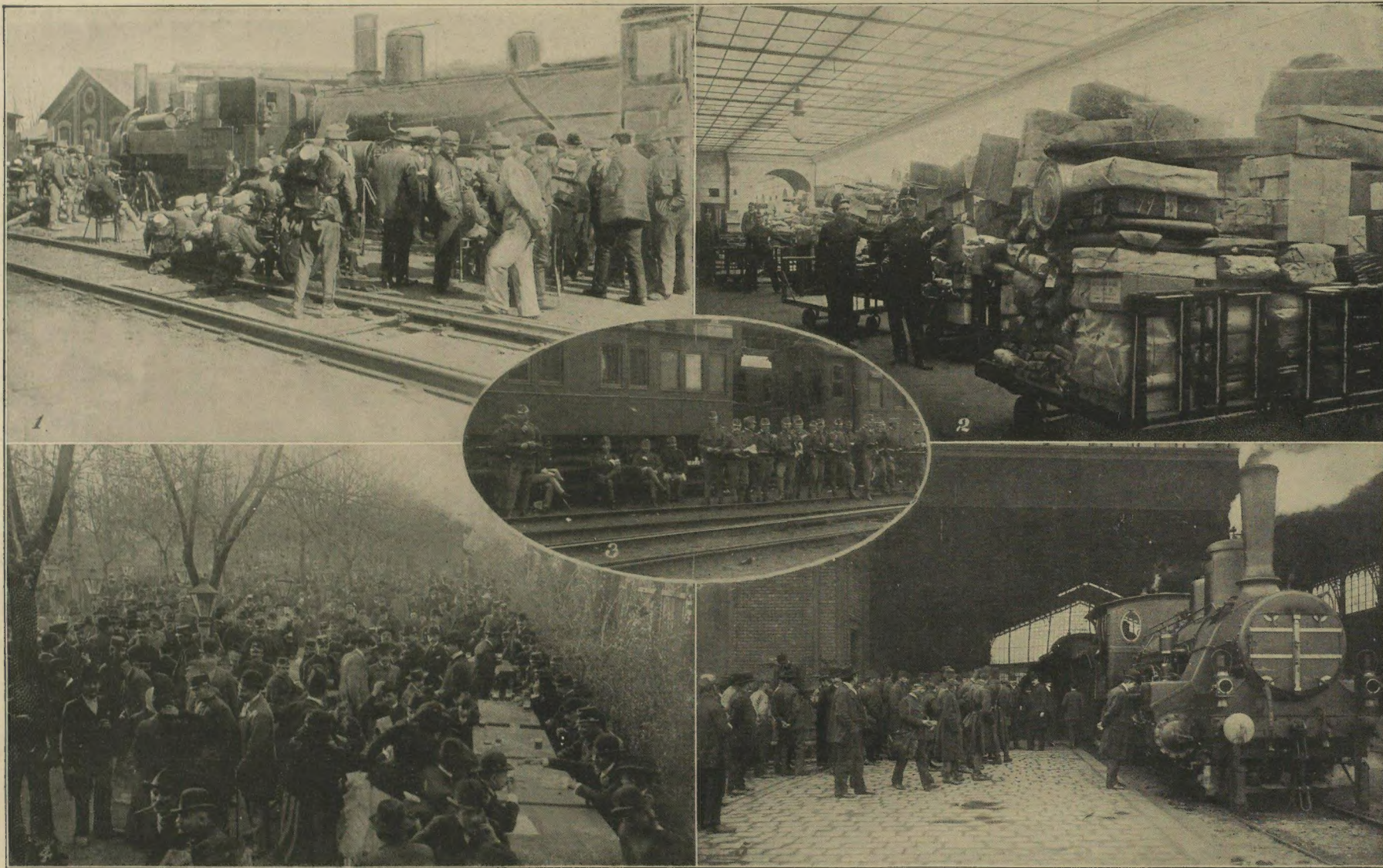
*The sacrificial post here shown was used in the fearful rites, last performed forty years ago, to propitiate the goddess Bhagedevi and secure a good harvest.*



*Photo. Jacobsen.*

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN VIENNA: LEAVING THE RACECOURSE.

*After luncheon on April 21 their Royal Highnesses attended the Freudenau races. The Prince wore his Austrian uniform.*



1. THE MILITARY GUARD AT THE WEST RAILWAY STATION, BUDA-PESTH.

2. DELAYED BY THE STRIKE: THE HUGE ACCUMULATION OF UNDELIVERED POSTAL PARCELS.

4. IN THE STRIKE CAMP.

3. A MILITARY GUARD ON THE LINE.

5. DEPARTURE OF A TRAIN UNDER MILITARY ESCORT.

THE HUNGARIAN RAILWAY STRIKE: SCENES OF THE AGITATION, AND ITS REPRESSION BY MILITARY MEASURES.

*The strike ended on April 24 in the defeat of the strikers. The railway servants belonging to the army were mobilised, and 11,000 men were compelled to return to work under military discipline.*



CROSSING THE LINE: NEPTUNE'S TRADITIONAL CEREMONIES.



SPORTS ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

BOERS FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION: SCENES ON BOARD THE "DOUNE CASTLE."





The captain was laboriously filling in countless documents.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A SQUARE MAN.

All through the summer of 1851—a year to be marked for all time in the minds of historians, not in red, but in black letters—the war of politics tossed France hither and thither.

There were at this time five parties contending for mastery. Should one of these appear for the moment to be about to make itself secure in power, the other four would at once unite to tear the common adversary from his unstable position. Of these parties only two were of real cohesion: the Legitimists and the Bonapartists. The Socialists, the Moderate Republicans, and the Orleanists were too closely allied in the past to be friendly in the present. Socialists are noisy, but rarely clever. A man who in France describes himself as Moderate must not expect to be popular for any length of time. The Orleanists were only just out of office. It was scarcely a year since Louis Philippe had died in exile at Claremont—only three years since he signed his abdication and hurried across to Newhaven. It was not the turn of the Orleanists.

There is no quarrel so deadly as a family quarrel; no fall so sudden as that of a house divided against itself. All through the spring and summer of 1851 France exhibited herself in the eyes of the world, a laughing-stock to her enemies, a thing of pity to those who loved that great country.

The Republic of 1848 was already a house divided against itself. Its President, Louis Bonaparte, had been elected for four years. He was, as the law then stood, not eligible again until after the lapse of another four years. His party tried to abrogate this law, and failed. "No matter," they said, "we shall elect him again, and President he shall be despite the law."

This was only one of a hundred such clouds, no bigger than a man's hand, arising at this time on the political horizon. For France was beginning to wander down that primrose path where a law is only a law so long as it is convenient.

There was one man, Louis Bonaparte, who kept his head when others lost that invaluable adjunct; who pushed on doggedly to a set purpose; whose task was hard, even in France, and would have been impossible in any other country. For it is only in France that ridicule does not kill. And twice within the last fifteen years—once at Strasbourg; once at Boulogne—he had made the world hold its sides at the mention of his name, greeting with the laughter which is embittered by scorn a failure damned by ridicule.

## The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

never for a moment equal to a Man. And the Legitimists had no man. They had only the Comte de Chambord.

At Frohsdorff they still clung to their hopes with that old-world belief in the ultimate revival of a dead régime which was eminently characteristic. And at Frohsdorff there died in the October of this year the Duchess of Angoulême, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, daughter of Marie Antoinette, who had despised her two uncles, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., for the concessions they had made—who was more Royalist than the King. She was the last of her generation, the last of her family, and with her died a part of the greatness of France, almost all the dignity of royalty, and the last mastermind of the Bourbon race.

If, as Albert de Chantonnay stated, the failure of Turner's bank was nothing but a ruse to gain time, it had the desired effect. For a space nothing could be undertaken, and the Marquis de Gemosac and his friends were hindered from continuing the work they had so successfully begun.

All through the summer Loo Barebone remained in France, at Gemosac as much as anywhere. The Marquis de Gemosac himself went to Frohsdorff.

"If she had been ten years younger," he said on his return, "I could have persuaded her to receive you. She has money. All the influence is hers. It is she who has had the last word in all our affairs since the death of the Duc de Berri. But she is old—she is broken. I think she is dying, my friend."

It was the time of the vintage again. Barebone remembered the last vintage, and his journey through those provinces, that supply all the world with wine, with Dormer Colville for a companion. Since then he had journeyed alone. He had made a hundred new friends, had been welcomed in a hundred historic houses. Wherever he had passed he had left enthusiasm behind him; and he knew it.

He had grown accustomed to his own power, and yet its renewed evidence was a surprise to him every day. There was something unreal in it. There is always something unreal in fame, and great men know in their own hearts that they are not great. It is only the world that thinks them so. When they are alone—in a room by themselves—they feel for a

moment their own smallness. But the door opens, and in an instant they arise and play their part mechanically.

This had come to be Barebone's daily task. It was so easy to make his way in this world which threw its doors open to him, greeted him with outstretched hands, and only asked him to charm them by being himself. He had not even to make an effort to appear to be that which he was not. He had only to be himself, and they were satisfied.

Part of his rôle was Juliette de Gemosac. He found it quite easy to make love to her; and she, it seemed, desired nothing better. Nothing definite had been said by the Marquis de Gemosac. They were not formally affianced; they were not forbidden to see each other; but the irregularity of these proceedings lent a certain spice of surreptitiousness to their intercourse which was not without its charm. They did not see so much of each other after Loo had spoken to the Marquis de Gemosac on this subject, for Barebone had to make visits to other parts of France. Once or twice Juliette herself went to stay with relatives. During these absences they did not write to each other.

It was, in fact, impossible for Barebone to keep up any correspondence whatever. He heard that Dormer Colville was still in Paris seeking to snatch something from the wreck of Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's fortune. The Marquis de Gemosac had been told that affairs might yet be arranged. He was no financier, however, he admitted; he did not understand such matters, and all that he knew was that the promised help from the Englishwoman was not forthcoming.

"It is," he concluded, "a question of looking elsewhere. It is not only that we want money. It is that we must have it at once."

It was not, strictly speaking, Loo's part to think of or to administer the money. His was the part to be played by Kings—so easy if the gift is there, so impossible to acquire if it be lacking; to know many people and to charm them all.

Thus the summer ripened into autumn. It had been another great vintage in the South, and Bordeaux was more than usually busy when Barebone arrived there at daybreak one morning in November, having posted from Toulouse. He was more daring in winter, and went fearlessly through the streets. In cold weather it is so much easier for a man to conceal his identity; for a woman to hide her beauty if she wish to—which is a large "if." Barebone could wear a fur collar and turn it up round that tell-tale chin, which made the passer-by pause and turn to look at him again if it was visible.

He breakfasted at the old-fashioned inn in the heart of the town, where to this day the diligences deposit their passengers, and then he made his way to the quay, from whence he would take passage down the river. It was a cold morning, and there are few colder cities, south of Paris, than Bordeaux. Barebone hurried, his breath frozen on the fur of his collar. Suddenly he stopped. His new self—that phantom second nature bred of custom—vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and left him plain Loo Barebone of Farlingford, staring across the green water towards *The Last Hope*, deep-laden, anchored in mid-stream.

Seeing him stop, a boatman ran towards him from a neighbouring flight of steps.

"An English ship, Monsieur," he said, "just come in. Her anchors are hardly home. Does Monsieur wish to go on board?"

"Of course I do, comrade—as quick as you like," he answered with a gay laugh. It was odd that the sight of this structure made of human hands should change him in a flash of thought, should make his heart leap in his breast.

In a few minutes he was seated in the wherry half-way out across the stream. Already a face was looking over the bulwarks. The hands were on the fore-castle still busy clearing decks after the confusion of letting go anchor and hauling in the jibboom.

Barebone could see them leave off work and turn to look at him. One or two raised a hand in salutation, and then turned again to their task. Already the mate, a Farlingford man who had succeeded Loo, was standing on the rail fingering a coil of rope.

"Old man is down below," he said, giving Barebone a hand. From the fore-castle came sundry grunts, and half-a-dozen heads were jerked sideways at him.

Captain Clubbe was in the cabin, where the remains of breakfast had been pushed to one end of the table to make room for pens and ink. The captain was laboriously filling in the countless documents required by the French Custom House. He looked up, pen in hand, and all the wrinkles graven by years of hardship and trouble were swept away like writing from a slate.

He laid aside his pen and held his hand out across the table.

"Had your breakfast?" he asked curtly, with a glance at the empty coffee-pot.

Loo laughed as he sat down. It was all so familiar—the disorder of the cabin; the smell of lamp-oil; the low song of the wind through the rigging that came humming in at the doorway, which was never closed, night or day, unless the seas were washing to and fro on the main deck. He knew everything so well; the very pen and the rarely used inkpot; the captain's attitude, and the British care that he took not to speak with his lips that which was in his heart.

"Well," said Captain Clubbe, taking up his pen again, "how are you getting on?"

"With what?"



"With the business that brought you to this country," answered Clubbe with a sudden gruffness; for he was, like the majority of big men, shy.

Barebone looked at him across the table.

"Do you know what the business is that brought me to this country?" he asked. And Captain Clubbe looked thoughtfully at the point of his pen.

"Did the Marquis de Gemosac and Dormer Colville tell you everything, or only a little?"

"I don't suppose they told me everything," was the reply. "Why should they? I am only a seafaring man."

"But they told you enough," persisted Barebone, "for you to draw your own conclusions as to my business over here."

"Yes," answered Clubbe, with a glance across the table. "Is it going badly?"

"No. On the contrary, it is going splendidly," answered Barebone gaily; and Captain Clubbe ducked his head down again over the papers of the French Custom House. "It is going splendidly, but—"

He paused. Half an hour ago he had no thought in his mind of Captain Clubbe or of Farlingford. He had come on board merely to greet his old friends, to hear some news of home, to take up for a moment that old self of bygone days and drop it again. And now, in half-a-dozen questions and answers, whither was he

"Who has been telling you that?" he asked.

"Dormer Colville. He told me one thing first and then the other. Only he and you and I know of it."

"Then he must have told one lie," said Clubbe reflectively—"one that we know of. And what he says is of no value either way, for he doesn't know; no one knows. Your father was a friend of mine, man and boy, and he didn't know. He was not the same as other men. I know that, but nothing more."

"Then if you were me you would give yourself the benefit of the doubt?" asked Barebone, with a rather reckless laugh. "For the sake of others, for the sake of France."

"Not I," replied Clubbe bluntly.

"But it is practically impossible to go back now," explained Loo. "It would be the ruin of all my friends, the downfall of France. In my position what would you do?"

"I don't understand your position," replied Clubbe. "I don't understand politics; I am only a seafaring man, but there is only one thing to do—the square thing."

"But," protested Dormer Colville's pupil, "I cannot throw over my friends. I cannot abandon France now."

"The square thing," repeated the sailor stubbornly. "The square thing; and d—n your friends; d—n France!"

He rose as he spoke, for they had both heard the

All through the year John Turner had kept his client supplied with ready money. He had, moreover, made no change in his own mode of living. Which things are a mystery to all who have no money of their own, nor the good fortune to handle other people's. There is no doubt some explanation of the fact that bankers and other financiers seem to fail, and even become bankrupt, without tangible effect upon their daily comfort, but the unfinancial cannot expect to understand it.

There had, as a matter of fact, been no question of discomfort for Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence either.

"Can I spend as much as I like?" she had asked Turner, and his reply had been in the affirmative.

"No use in saving?"

"None whatever," he replied. To which Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence made answer that she did not understand things at all.

"It is no use collecting straws against a flood," the banker answered sleepily.

There was, of course, no question now of supplying the necessary funds to the Marquis de Gemosac and Albert de Chantonnay, who, it was understood, were raising the money, not without difficulty, elsewhere. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had, indeed, heard little or nothing of her Royalist friends in the west. Human nature is the same, it would appear, all the world over, but the upper crust is always the hardest.



"An English ship, Monsieur,  
just come in."

drifting? Captain Clubbe filled in a word slowly and very legibly.

"But I am not the man, you know," said Barebone slowly. It was as if the sight of that just man had bidden him cry out the truth. "I am not the man they think me. My father was not the son of Louis XVI.; I know that now. I did not know it at first, but I know it now. And I have been going on with the thing all the same."

Clubbe sat back in his chair. He was large and ponderous in body. And the habit of the body at length becomes the nature of the mind.

Customs officers come on board; and these functionaries were now bowing at the cabin door.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

MRS. ST. PIERRE LAWRENCE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND.

It was early in November that the report took wing in Paris that John Turner's bank was after all going to weather the storm. Dormer Colville was among the first to hear this news, and, strangely enough, he did not at once impart it to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence.

When Dormer Colville was informed of the rumour, he remembered that he had never quarrelled with John Turner. He had, of course, said some hard things in the heat of the moment, but Turner had not retorted. There was no quarrel. Colville therefore took an early opportunity of lunching at the club then reputed to have the best *chef* in Paris. He went late, and found that the majority of members had finished *déjeuner* and were taking coffee in one or other of the smoking-rooms.

After a quick and simple meal Colville lighted a cigarette and went upstairs. There were two or three



small rooms where members smoked, or played cards, or read the newspapers; and in the quietest of these John Turner was alone, asleep. Colville walked backwards into the room, talking loudly as he did so with a friend in the passage. When well over the threshold he turned. Turner, whose slumbers had been rudely disturbed, was sitting up rubbing his eyes. The surprise was, of course, mutual, and for a moment there was an awkward pause; then, with a smile of frank good-fellowship, Colville advanced, holding out his hand.

"I hope we have known each other too many years, old fellow," he said, "to bear any lasting ill-will for words spoken in the heat of anger or disappointment, eh?"

He stood in front of the banker frankly holding out the hand of forgiveness, his head a little on one side, that melancholy smile of toleration for poor human weakness in his eyes.

"Well," admitted Turner, "we've certainly known each other a good many years."

He somewhat laboriously hoisted himself up, his head emerging from his tumbled collar like the head of a tortoise aroused from sleep, and gave into Colville's affectionate grasp a limp and nerveless hand.

"No one could feel for you more sincerely than I do," Colville assured him, drawing forward a chair; "more than I have done all through these trying months."

"Very kind, I'm sure," murmured Turner, looking drowsily at his friend's necktie. One must look somewhere, and Turner always gazed at the necktie of anyone who sat straight in front of him, which usually induced an uneasy fingering of that ornament and an early consultation of the nearest mirror. "Have a cigar?"

There was the faint suggestion of a twinkle beneath the banker's heavy lids as Colville accepted this peace-offering. It was barely twenty-four hours since he had himself launched in Colville's direction the rumour which had brought about this reconciliation.

"And I'm sure," continued the other, turning to cut the end of the cigar, "that no one would be better pleased to hear that better times are coming—eh? What did you say?"

"Nothing. Didn't speak," was the reply to this vague interrogation.

Then they talked of other things. There was no lack of topics for conversation at this time in France; indeed, the whole country was in a buzz of talk. But Turner was not, it seemed, in a talkative mood. Only once did he rouse himself to take more than a passing interest in the subject touched upon by his easy-going companion.

"Yes," he admitted, "he may be the best cook in Paris. But he is not what he was. It is this Revision of the Constitution which is upsetting the whole country, especially the lower classes. The man's hand is shaky. I can see it from his way of pouring the mayonnaise over a salad."

After touching upon each fresh topic, Colville seemed to return unconsciously to that which must of necessity be foremost in his companion's thoughts—the possibility of saving Turner's bank from failure. And each time he learnt a little more. At last, with that sympathetic spontaneity which was his chief charm, Dormer Colville laid his hand confidentially on Turner's sleeve.

"Frankly, old fellow," he said, "are you going to pull it through?"

"Frankly, old fellow, I am," was the reply, which made Colville glance hastily at the clock.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "Look at the time. You have kept me gossiping the whole afternoon. Must be off. Nobody will be better pleased than I am to hear the good news. But, of course, I am mum. Not a word will they hear from me. I am glad. Good-bye."

"I daresay you are," murmured Turner to the closed door.

Dormer Colville was that which is known as an opportunist. It was a dull, grey afternoon. He would be sure to find Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence at home. She had taken an apartment in the Rue de Lille in the St. Germain quarter. His way was past the flower-shop where he sometimes bestowed a fickle custom. He went in and bought a carnation for his buttonhole.

It is to be presumed that John Turner devoted the afternoon to his affairs. It was at all events evening before he also bent his steps towards the Rue de Lille.

"Yes," the servant told him, "Madame was at home and would assuredly see him. Madame was not alone. No. It was, however, only Monsieur Colville, who was so frequent a visitor."

Turner followed the servant along the corridor. The stairs had rather tried one who had to elevate such a weight at each step; he breathed hard but placidly.

Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence received him with an unusual *empressement*. Colville, who was discovered sitting as far from her as the size of the room allowed, was less eager, but he brought forward a chair for the banker, and glanced sharply at his face as he sat down.

"So glad to see you," the hostess explained. "It is really kind of you to come and cheer one up on such a dull afternoon. Dormer and I . . . Won't you take

removed from tears, perhaps. Then she turned to the banker again.

"Listen," she said. "I am going to tell you something which no one else in the world can tell you. Dormer and I are going to be married. I daresay lots of people will say that they have expected it for a long time. They can say what they like. We don't care. And I am glad that you are the first person to hear it. We have only just settled it, so you are the very first to be told. And I am glad to tell you before anybody else, because you have been so kind to me always. You have been my best friend, I think. And the kindest thing you ever did for me was to lose my money. For if you had not lost it, Dormer never would have asked me to marry him. He has just said so himself. And I suppose all men feel that. All the nice ones, I mean. It is one of the drawbacks of being rich, is it not?"

"I suppose it is," answered Turner stolidly, without turning an eyelash in the direction of Dormer Colville.

"Perhaps that is why no one has ever asked me to marry them."

Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence laughed jerkily at this witticism. She laughed again when Turner rose from his chair to congratulate her, but the laugh suddenly ceased when he raised her hand to his lips with a courtesy which was even in those days dying out of the world, and turned away from him hastily. She stood with her back towards them for a minute or two looking at some flowers on a side table. Then she came back into the middle of the room, all smiles, replacing her handkerchief in her pocket.

"So that is the news I have to tell you," she said gravely.

John Turner had placidly resumed his chair after shaking hands with Colville for the second time since luncheon.

"Yes," he answered; "it is news indeed. And I have a little news to give you. I do not say that it is quite free from the taint of business. But at all events it is news. Like yours, it has the merit of being at first hand; and you are the first to hear it. No one else could tell it to you—"

He broke off and rubbed his chin, while he looked apathetically at Dormer Colville's necktie.

"It has another merit, rare enough," he

went on. "It is good news. I think—in fact, I may say I am sure—that we shall pull through now, and your money will be safely returned to you."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, with a glance at Colville. "I cannot tell you how glad I am."

She looked at the banker with bright eyes and the flush still in her cheeks that made her look younger and less sure of herself.

"Not only for my own sake, you know. For yours, because I am sure you must be relieved, and for—well, for everybody's sake. Tell me all about it, please." And she pushed her chair sideways nearer to Colville's.

John Turner bit the first joint of his thumb reflectively. It is so rare that one can tell anyone all about anything.

"Tell me first," Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence suggested, "whether Miriam Liston's money is all safe as well."

"Miriam's money never was in danger," he replied. "Miriam is my ward. You are only my client. There is no chance of Miriam being able to make ducks and drakes of her money."

"That sounds as if I had been trying to do that with mine."

"Well," admitted the banker with a placid laugh, "if it had not been for my failure . . ."

"Don't call it hard names," put in Dormer Colville generously. "It was not a failure."

"Call it a temporary suspension of payment, then," agreed the banker imperturbably. "If it had not been for that, half your fortune would have been goodness knows where by now. You wanted to put it into some big speculation in this country, if I remember aright. And big speculations in France are the very devil just at present. Whereas now, you see, it is all safe, and you can invest it in the beginning of next year in some good English securities. It seems providential, does it not?"

He rose as he spoke, and held out his hand to say good-bye. He asked the question of Colville's necktie, apparently, for he smiled stupidly at it.

"Well, I do not understand business, after all; I admit that," Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence called out gaily to him as he went towards the door. "I do not understand things at all."

"No; and I don't suppose you ever will," Turner replied, as he followed the servant into the corridor.

(To be continued.)



John Turner rose from his chair to congratulate her.

off your coat? No, let me put it aside for you. Dormer and I were just—eh?—just saying how dull it was. Weren't we?"

She looked from one to the other with a rather unnatural laugh. One would have thought that she was engaged in carrying off a difficult situation, and, for so practised a woman of the world, not doing it very well. Her cheeks were flushed, which made her look younger, and a subtle uncertainty in her voice and manner added to this illusion charmingly. For a young girl's most precious possession is her inexperience. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence for the first time in her life was not sure of herself.

"Now I hope you have not come on business," she added, drawing forward her own chair and passing a quick hand over her hair. "Bother business! Do not let us think about it."

"Not exactly," replied Turner, recovering his breath. "Quite agree with you. Let us say 'Bother business,' and not think of it. Though for an old man who is getting stout there is nothing much left but business and his dinner, eh?"

"No. Do not say that," cried the lady. "Never say that. It is time enough to think that years hence, when we are all white-haired. But I used to think that myself once, you know. When I first had my money. Do you remember? I was so pleased to have all that wealth that I determined to learn all about cheque-books and things, and manage it myself. So you taught me, and at last you admitted that I was an excellent man of business. I know I thought I was myself. And I suppose I lapsed into a regular business woman, and only thought of money and how to increase it. How horrid you must have thought me!"

"Never did that," protested Turner stoutly. "But I know I learnt to think much too much about it," Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence went on eagerly. "And now that it is all gone I do not care *that* for it."

She snapped her finger and thumb, and laughed gaily. "Not that," she repeated. She turned and glanced at Dormer Colville, raising her eyebrows in some mute interrogation only comprehensible to him. "Shall I tell him?" she asked with a laugh of happiness not very far



LILLIPUT IN THE HANDS OF BROBDIGNAG.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A JAPANESE SOLDIER CAPTURED BY A RUSSIAN OUTPOST.



BROBDIGNAG IN THE HANDS OF LILLIPUT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A RUSSIAN SOLDIER CAPTURED BY A JAPANESE OUTPOST.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE STORY OF AN ACORN.

The other day I found an acorn which had been lying for many months without apparent rhyme or reason in a drawer. The sight of the oak-fruit recalled to mind a day in October when the acorns were falling from their parent trees—a lazy day spent in the woods constituting a haunt of mine in days which, alas! appear distant enough to make one feel the burden of "getting old." The acorn, as a remembrance, brings to mind thoughts of the possibilities of existence once locked up within its horny investment, and suggests many allusions in song and story to the British oak.

"Hearts of oak" is an expression which will occur to my readers as applied to British sailors, and if their toughness physically at all resembles that of the old wood of the tree, they must indeed be (as all of us believe they are) very hardy units indeed. "The wooden walls of Old England" were built of good solid oak, and the furniture we value to-day as relics of a past age when things were made to use and last, and not for mere show only, also testifies to the value placed upon the wood of the famous tree. Out of a small acorn each tree grows, so that we begin to note how great potentialities of being and becoming can be locked up in very small space indeed. The germ of the animal and the seed of the plant contain each all the powers and qualities which, when the germ is placed in proper surroundings, will develop it into an adult like to that whence it sprang. It feeds, it is true, and grows by what it feeds upon; but, all the same, there must be latent in the germ the power of utilising that food, and of building up therefrom a body which may become as huge as that of the whale or elephant, or may remain as diminutive as that of the worm.

Our acorn in average length is about three-quarters of an inch. It is generally spoken of as the "seed" of the oak, just as people talk about each green particle imbedded in a strawberry as the "seed" of that plant. But neither body is a seed. It is a "fruit" in each case, which is a very different thing. Inserted into a scaly cup called the "cupule," we find on the acorn itself below a scar which on examination reveals that, torn out of the cup, there are broken across certain fibres, or botanically "bundles," which connected the acorn first with the cup and secondly with the parent tree. At the free extremity of the acorn, you may trace certain withered remnants which are the vestiges of the top of the pistil of the oak flower, or, in other words, of that organ botanists call the "stigma." It is upon this stigma that the fertilising dust or "pollen" is received.

Dissecting our acorn, we find that it is covered by an outer skin of horny texture. This is its pericarp, and inside it is another and lighter layer. The true "seed" is found in the centre of the nut. It also is covered with a thin brown coat, called its "testa." The seed we thus note is enclosed in parts which constitute the "fruit," or rather it is the seed (or seeds) of any plant which, along with its coverings or other developments represent the true "fruit." In the strawberry the "fruit" is constituted by the whole of the green bodies imbedded in the red pulp. What we eat, and therefore value, is only the much-enlarged and succulent end of the flower-stalk.

Our acorn on examination consists of two halves, dividing the seed lengthwise. We see much the same arrangement of the parts of the seed in a pea or bean. Its halves are the "seed-leaves," or cotyledons, which are destined for the nourishment of the young plant in the earliest stages of its growth. In many other plants the seed-leaves are green and leaf-like. Sow some mustard or cress, and you will see the seed-leaves appear first above the soil as two green expansions. In the oak they are fleshy and full of starchy matter, providing a rich store of infant food for the young and growing oak-tree. Looking at our acorn more narrowly, we see near the upper part of the seed a small mass or body, which has its upper part projecting towards the narrow end of the acorn. This is the future root of the tree, and is called the radicle. The other end of the mass is called the plumicle. It represents the stem of the tree to come. Such is the structure of the minute body which, placed amid appropriate surroundings, will in after years become the British oak.

Falling from its parent tree, the acorn lies dormant through the winter. Botanists tell us that it may even rest for a year in the surface soil before it germinates. In spring, let us suppose, with the return of genial weather, the embryo within the seed, represented by the little primordial stem and root, begins to feel its feet in a developmental sense. The radicle bursts through the investments of the seed, and then, as stimulated by the influence of a definite instinct, seeks the soil. It turns downwards to reach Mother Earth however the seed may be placed. The root will be fed by the substance of the seed-leaves, until it is ready to absorb water and minerals from the soil; indeed, the cotyledons are said often to remain unexhausted for the space of two years. The youthful stem next appears above the ground, seeking the light, as the root sought the soil. It grows much more slowly than does the root, so that the young plant will not be too heavy above for the root below. On the little stem we can soon discern scales, each enclosing a minute bud, which later on will blossom forth into a leaf.

Thus started on its life-journey, the oak-shoot will prosper and grow. In a year it will have developed a root a foot long, and a stem of half the length perhaps. Hence to the sapling stage, and then onwards to the tree, is a mere matter of routine development—feeding, assimilating, and building the tissues of the wood. At last the oak will flower (it has different flowers for each sex), and will give rise to a crop of acorns, each of which will repeat in its own history the cycle of events which resulted in the development of the parent form.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W T H (Dalston).—We are afraid you must be content with chess as far as this column is concerned. It would be impracticable to add a draughts problem.

T WILKINSON (Hull).—The capture of the Knight by the Bishop constitutes the gambit in question.

R E MARSHALL (Wandsworth).—Only by practice. There are no "short cuts" to solving problems.

KING'S ROOK.—Thanks very much; your criticism is quite correct, but we had already admitted the error.

P HEALEY.—In main variation on second move, the effect of Black's reply, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), has evidently escaped your notice.

MALCOLM SIM.—To hand, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3121 received from H G Moghe (Bombay) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3126 from Leonard and Cedric Owen (Russia), Emile Frau, Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), and H S Brandreth (Florence); of No. 3127 from A G (Pancsova), Mrs. Mundy (Cornwood), Leonard and Cedric Owen (Russia), Emile Frau, Leonard Robson (Manchester), and D B R (Oban); of No. 3128 from Inns of Court, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), H S Brandreth (San Remo), J M Lennon (Larne), D B R (Oban), Emile Frau (Lyons), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), A G (Pancsova), R F H Edwards (Sydenham), Harry Keen (Swansea), H. Le Jeune, and Herbert Haigh (Leamington Spa).

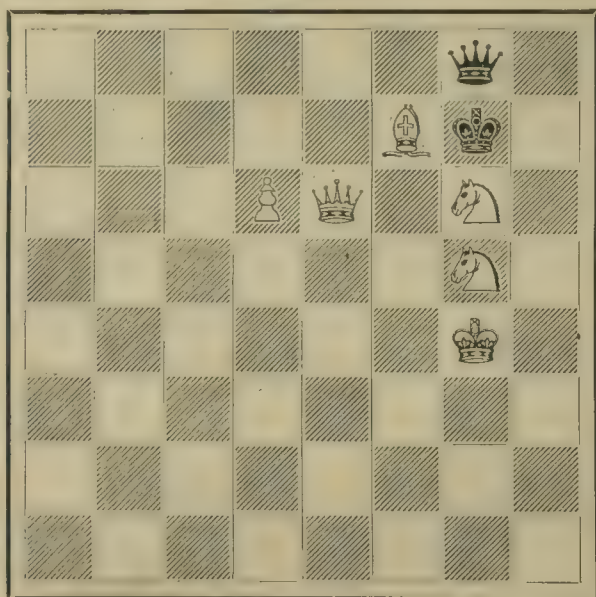
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3129 received from A Belcher (Wycombe), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), T Roberts, Alpha, Reginald Gordon, R F H Edwards (Sydenham), Shadforth, E W Burnell (Shepton Mallet), Fire Plug, Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), J W (Campsie), G C H, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), R Worlter (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), A G Triggs (Liverpool), Martin F, George Fisher (Belfast), R G Woodward (Worksop), A G Bagot (Dublin), F Henderson (Leeds), F J S (Hampstead), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T Wilkinson, and H S Brandreth (Florence).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3128.—By F. LIBBY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to B 5th Any move  
2. Q, B, or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 3131.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in an exhibition match at the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. CURT and NAPIER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P to B 6th	P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. P to B 6th	P takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. Kt takes P	Q to K 3rd
4. B to R 4th	P to K B 3th	19. B to K 3rd	Castles
5. P to Q 4th	P takes K P	20. R takes P	B to Kt 2nd
6. Kt takes P	Kt to B 2nd		
7. Castles	Q to K 2nd		
8. P to K R 4th	Kt to Q sq		
9. P to B 4th			
9. P to Q B 5th	P to Q 4th		
11. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		
12. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
13. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd		
14. P to B 5th			
14. Q to R 5th (ch)	P takes P		
15. Q to R 5th (ch)	Kt to B 2nd		
16. Kt takes Q P			

White handles his Pawns with too much freedom. On both wings the advance is reckless, and against such a master as Black can only result in disaster.

Black plays a very cool game, and, being a Knight ahead, can, of course, view with equanimity any exchange of pieces.

Too late. Had now B to B 4th been possible White would have had a chance, but B takes P (ch) stops everything.

White resigns.

## CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. SWIDERSKI and MAROCZY.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	23. R to R 8th	R to B sq
2. P to Q B 4th		24. R takes R	K takes R
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P		
4. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q 2nd		
8. B to K 2nd	Castles		
9. Castles	Kt takes Kt		
10. P to K R 3rd	B to B 3rd		
11. B takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd		
12. Q to Q 3rd	K takes B		
13. B takes B	P to Kt 3rd		
14. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 4th		
15. K R to Q sq			
16. P to Q R 3rd	P takes P		
17. P takes P	Q to B 2nd		
18. Kt to Q 5th			
18. Q takes B	B takes Kt		
19. R takes R	P to B 3th		
20. Q to K 6th	Kt to K 4th		
21. P takes P	R takes P		
25. P to B 4th	Q P takes P		
26. P to B 4th	Kt to B 2nd		
27. B to B 4th	Q takes P		
28. P takes P	P takes P		
29. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd		
30. Q takes P	Q to K 4th		
31. Q to B 8th	Kt to Q 3rd		
32. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	K to R 3rd		
33. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to Kt 4th		
34. B to B sq	Q to K 6th (ch)		
35. Q to B 2nd	Q takes Q (ch)		
36. K takes Q	K to B 5th		
37. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 5th (ch)		
38. K to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th		
39. B to B 2nd	P to R 4th		
40. B to Kt 3rd	P to K 4th		
41. B to B 7th	P to R 5th		
42. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
43. K to B 2nd	K to K 5th		
44. B to B 7th	K to Q 6th		
45. B to Kt 6th (ch)	P to K 5th		
46. B takes P (ch)	Kt takes B (ch)		

Apparently with the intention of simplifying the position, and then to play for the ending.

Probably White is trying for a draw, but he gives his opponent's game every facility in so doing.

Black has now sufficient material advantage to win, and the rest of the game is a skillful exhibition of the art of ending.

White resigns.

## THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday night next, Covent Garden will reopen its doors, and for thirteen weeks we shall hear the finest singers in Europe interpreting favourite works in surroundings that few opera-houses can rival. None save the impartial and travelled lovers of music realise the immense amount of work demanded before Covent Garden can welcome its supporters, or the magnitude of the undertaking that begins with May and ends with July. By the first Monday in May the bulk of the work has been done; but during the autumn and winter months, when no word of operatic arrangements is published, the management of the Grand Opera Syndicate must be securing talent in all the capitals of Europe, hearing singers without number, thrashing out all the delicate questions that concern the actual programme, combining artistic endeavour with commercial foresight, and in short, exercising all the forethought demanded by the most expensive undertaking of the world of entertainment.

"I am congratulating myself," said the late Sir Augustus Harris to the writer a few years ago in the last week of an opera season. "My expenses this year from first to last are a few pounds under eighty thousand, and the receipts are a few pounds over eighty-four." Certainly it could not have been the profit of the undertaking that made the impresario sacrifice his life to overwork.

This year the great stars of the musical world will be found shining in Covent Garden. Madame Melba will reach London in May; Calvé is to follow her a few days later; Ternina will be with us quite early in the season. Signor Caruso, who was so greatly missed last year, has been engaged; and we are to hear Renaud, Pol Plançon, and Van Rooy. Other great singers are Mesdames Suzanne Adams, Alice Nielsen, Reini, Destinn, Deppe, Kirkby Lunn, Knüpper-Egli, and Parkina; Messrs. Salèza, Herold, Burrian, Dufliche, Dalmorès, Seveilhac, and Journet. Every Continental opera-house of repute contributes some of its favourites: Paris, Berlin, Bayreuth, Dresden, Munich, Milan, Naples, have all been visited in turn by the trusted agents of the Opera Syndicate, and many artists will put their Continental reputation to the final test.

The programme for the season includes several novelties, and seems to indicate a return to the work that pleased our parents in days before Wagner had dominated opera the world over. The "Contes d'Hoffmann" of Offenbach is to be presented. It has not been heard in London before, we believe, but experts speak highly of the musical charm and intelligent story of the opera. Beethoven's "Fidelio" will be a very welcome addition to the repertoire of the national opera-house, and modern music will be represented by Puccini, whose "Tosca" and "Bohème" are promised. "Pagliacci" is also promised. Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis" is down for hearing, after being relegated to the background for several years; and, needless to say, the composer's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette" will not be missing. The ever-popular Verdi will be heard in four of his favourite operas, "Rigoletto," "Aida," "Traviata," and the "Ballo in Maschera." "Carmen" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be given—presumably we shall hear Calvé in the one, and Melba in the other; and Mozart will be heard in "Don Giovanni" and "Nozze di Figaro." There will be no "Ring" performances, but Wagner is not to be neglected, and the season's programme includes "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde." It would be hard to find fault with this selection, for it recognises the claims of the greatest composers of opera, and does not sacrifice one school to another. Only one charming opera that has generally found a place will be missed, and that is the "Manon" of Massenet, surely one of the most exquisite musical poems ever written. Unfortunately it has not been received with sufficient favour in the last two seasons to justify the further production.

In former years subscribers have complained that uncertainty about the date of any given opera has kept them from the performance. During the spring months people are too busy to cancel engagements at the eleventh hour even for the sake of a favourite opera. In order to settle this trouble the management has arranged three series of six performances during the month of May on dates already announced. The works chosen for the series are Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Tannhäuser," and Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Each of these will be given intact; in some cases the curtain must rise at seven o'clock to secure the complete representation. There will be an increase in chorus and orchestra, and the operas will be conducted by Dr. Hans Richter. Subscribers can select the series that suits best with their engagements, and book for all its performances with the knowledge that the dates will not be altered. To all who know the difficulties of conducting a season of grand opera the eleventh-hour changes of programme occasion no surprise. Your truly great singer, the brilliant tenor or superb soprano, lives with head in the clouds. If the tenor fears he has a slight huskiness or the soprano has an attack of nerves, the management must change the programme or give the chief rôle to some singer who is not the man or woman the public delights to honour. It is easier to drive a four-in-hand than to handle a really great singer—half genius, half child. The late Colonel Mapleson left a printed record of some of the difficulties that beset him; while for those of us who knew him well or met him often, he dotted the i's and crossed the t's in a manner that left no doubt about the difficulties that wait upon the most successful impresario.

Happily, the Grand Opera Syndicate boasts very talented administrators. Lord Esher, Earl de Grey, and Mr. H. V. Higgins form an able triumvirate of directors; M. Messenger is an invaluable artistic manager; and Mr. Neil Forsyth holds the helm in business details. So we may await the coming season with happy anticipations and a tranquil mind, satisfied that the men responsible for London's greatest musical undertaking have done all that mortals may to command success.





"THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING OUT INTO THE WEST": HERONS IN FLIGHT.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



# A PEACEFUL INVASION OF ENGLAND: LANDING PRACTICE AT WHALE ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB.



1. THE INVADERS ADVANCING UNDER COVER OF FIRE FROM THEIR GUN-BOATS.  
 3. THE INVADERS LANDING 12-POUNDER GUNS.  
 5. THE NAVY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING.

2. WHALE ISLAND ATTACKED: THE LANDING OF THE ATTACKING PARTY UNDER COVER OF GUN-BOATS.  
 4. THE NAVY SERVICE CORPS AFLOAT.  
 6. TWO HUNDRED SAILORS LANDING A 47 GUN, MOUNTED ON CAPTAIN SCOTT'S CARRIAGE.





BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT DANGER OF THE EAST END, A BILL TO MODERATE WHICH PASSED ITS SECOND READING IN PARLIAMENT ON APRIL 25.—BY MAJOR EVANS GORDON, M.P.; ILLUSTRATED BY H. H. FLÈRE.

FEW people realise the magnitude of England's Alien Problem. Eleven steamers arrive with immigrants from Eastern Europe every week in the Thames alone; others come to Hull. Many of these people are on the way to America, and only stay in England a few days; but a very large number intend to settle in the country.

The great majority of them are Jews. But there are working-class immigrants of other races; for instance, Lithuanians from Western Russia and Catholic Poles, who are brought over to work in the mines in Lanarkshire, where the Scottish miners, especially those who are out of work, bitterly resent the imported competition. In certain fireclay mines foreigners have been introduced for the express purpose of breaking up Trade Union combination. And even the Jewish immigrants do not gather exclusively in London. In Leeds they have absorbed a whole quarter called the Leylands; in Manchester they have occupied the Strangeways and Red Bank districts; they are appearing in every industrial centre; and in remote Limerick a most regrettable anti-Semitic riot took place a little while ago, Yiddish-speaking Hebrews were hustled by a crowd while they were debt-collecting. In some of the

papers they were spoken of as "Irish Jews," though on what ground that odd title was given to them I cannot conjecture—unless they had learned to speak Yiddish with a brogue. In Dowlais also the presence of immigrants of this class, who sought work in the mines, lately led to a disturbance. The first batch was removed by the judicious efforts of their co-religionists, but more have appeared there since. And quite a large colony exists in Cardiff.

But, after all, the centre of attraction to the Hebrew from Eastern Europe is the great foreign quarter in the East of London, "where"—in the words of the Jewish Board of Guardians—



THE ARRIVAL OF ALIENS AT ST. KATHARINE'S DOCK: CUSTOMS OFFICIALS EXAMINING BAGGAGE.

"practically living room is not to be found, and where labour is so poorly remunerated." It would indeed be difficult to select any place in the world less suited to receive and accommodate a great influx of foreign immigrants than the East End of London. The numbers that have come within the last two decades are well shown by some significant changes that have taken place in East-End Board Schools. In the Baker Street School, in Stepney, there were, in 1895, 206 English boys and 73 foreigners. In 1901 there were 280 foreigners and 28 English boys. For the whole school, boys and girls, the figures in 1902 showed 80 English pupils and 991 foreigners. In the Christian Street Board School, a fine building opened in 1901, out of 927 pupils only 15 are Christians. In the Hanbury Street School, in Whitechapel, the percentage of Jewish to Christian pupils is 98·3. I do not quote these figures in order to create prejudice. These children provide, as a rule, excellent educational material, and are well spoken of by all who have to do with them. Their number is, however, a significant indication of the change of population which is going on. I have already spoken in a recently published volume, "The Alien Immigrant," of the hardship and suffering which the alien invasion of a poor and already crowded district, and the ousting of the native



A NIGHT ARRIVAL OF ALIENS: AN EMPLOYER MEETING THE IMMIGRANTS AT TOWER BRIDGE STAIR.

*As a rule, aliens who have no relation, friend, or employer to be responsible for them are not permitted to land at night, chiefly in order to prevent accidents in disembarking women and children.*



THE ALIEN IN ENGLAND: SCENES OF THE FOREIGN INVASION OF THE EAST END OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



1. TOWER STAIRS: OFFICER SENDING NIGHT ARRIVALS TO THE JEWISH SHELTER.  
2. ALIENS ARRIVING AT THE JEWISH SHELTER, LYMINGTON STREET (BACK ENTRANCE).  
3. MID-DAY MEAL IN A JEWISH SHELTER.

4. THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SHELTER EXAMINING AN ALIEN AS TO MEANS AND DESTINATION.  
5. OFFICER FROM THE JEWISH SHELTER SEEING THAT THE IMMIGRANT IS PROPERLY RECEIVED BY FRIENDS OR AN EMPLOYER, AND NOT LANDED IN A SWEATING DEN.

6. TYPES OF IMMIGRANTS.  
7. CIGARETTE-MAKERS WORKING AT HOME.  
8. BOOTMAKERS AT WORK IN A SHOP.  
9. HAWKERS IN PETTICOAT LANE.  
10. THE BONDAGE OF THE ALIEN: A TAILOR'S SWEATING DEN IN THE EAST END.



inhabitants, have inflicted on the latter. The country is at last alive to the need of a remedy.

Why do these people swarm in upon us? Is there a demand for their labour? No; the trades in which the majority of them engage are over-stocked already. Do they bring capital which they can put to more advantageous use here than in their native land? Very, very seldom. Only those who know the conditions in which they live in Eastern Europe, only those who have seen the effects of the terrible Russian "May Laws," which literally imprison the Jewish population in the towns of the Pale, only those who understand that conscripts of Hebrew race are treated as pariahs while they wear the uniform and follow the colours of their native land, can judge the expulsive force which sends the poorest and most helpless to any country which will receive them. The American laws restricting immigration have become more and more rigorous during the last twenty years. Already the total exclusion of "undesirables" has been suggested for consideration by the President himself. Soon Great Britain will be the only country to which they can turn.

Let us follow them on their journey of exile. They are starting, let us say, from Libau, perhaps in the steamship *Kursk*, upon which I saw them embarking when I visited that port in 1902. They are by no means the principal "passengers." Their accommodation is quite subordinate to that of the ponies which these vessels carry,



ONE OF THE INDUSTRIES OF THE ALIEN: CARDBOARD-BOX MAKING IN COMMERCIAL ROAD.



DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO: A ZIONIST LECTURE IN YIDDISH.

and the discomfort of the human beings is the greater. This is what I saw: "The hold in which the emigrants were to travel was pitch dark and devoid of any ventilation that I could discover, except such as was provided by the hatchway. The head room between decks was about seven feet, and this space was divided by two long bunks or shelves. Upon these straw

mattresses were thrown, and the people lay alongside one another like sardines in a tin. For their meals they had to shift as best they could—in fine weather on deck, in rough weather below in their bunks."

When the steamer arrives in the Thames there is no sanitary inspection, unless the captain declares a case of sickness. Only vessels coming from ports where plague, yellow fever, or cholera are known to exist are inspected as a matter of course. But, strange though it seems, these immigrants bring little sickness. The immunity due to elimination during centuries of ghetto life stands them in good stead. And in the case of the children, the admirable devotion and care of the parents—one of the finest traits of the Hebrew character throughout all classes—preserves their health under conditions in which the preservation of it seems almost impossible. But this lack of sanitary inspection involves a risk, and a serious risk. Not long

ago a Russian immigrant in Stepney was found to have developed small-pox two days after his arrival in this country. This isolated instance opens up unpleasant possibilities for East End and West End alike.

Very interesting evidence was given before the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration by Mr. T. Hawkey, Examining Officer of the Customs, who boards the steamers

which bring steerage immigrants from Hamburg, Bremen, and Libau to the Port of London. He takes

[Continued on Opposite Page]



THE PLAINTIFF, A MONEY-LENDER.



THE DEFENDANT, AN ALIEN.

THE LITIGIOUS ALIEN IMMIGRANT.—HIS FREQUENT RESORT TO ENGLISH LAW: AN EAST-END POLICE-COURT SCENE.



particulars from them as to the means they possess. His inquiries showed upon an average covering eight years, that some 22 per cent. of the new comers were absolutely destitute, and some 40 per cent. in all had less than half a sovereign when they landed in this country.

All the vessels bringing immigrants are met by an agent of the Jewish shelter in Leman Street. Some of the new arrivals have come over to join relatives or friends, and then the agent conducts them to the address which they give, after which the shelter official ceases to be in touch with those persons. Others, again, are "consigned" to certain commercial agents, who are charged to forward them to America. These are lodged—often under extremely bad conditions—in the East End of London till they resume their journey. Others—some 8 or 9 per cent.—are received for a week or a fortnight in the shelter itself, which does not limit its charitable aid to persons of the Jewish race.

Is it wonderful, in view of all this imported destitution, that we see such scenes as these in the East End?

Six or seven Russo-Poles appeared at Worship Street to answer summonses, at the instance of the police of the H Division, for obstructing the thoroughfare in Commercial Street, Whitechapel.

The police stated that the aliens made a practice on certain afternoons in the week of resorting to the thoroughfare named either to hire labour or be hired.

Some of the defendants admitted that they went to try to hire men at two shillings a day, principally workers in the tailoring and cap-making trades. It was also stated that the market was chiefly for the "greeners"—aliens newly arrived, who wanted to be learners in those trades. Some of the accused were said to be addressing the workers, denouncing the employers as "sweaters," and urging the workers not to engage under a certain rate. As many as forty persons crowded the pavement at times and forced the passengers into the road.—(*Daily Chronicle*, March 30, 1903.)

Besides the trades mentioned, the unskilled aliens swarm into the boot-making, cabinet-making, and cigarette-making industries—and these, together with those named above, are the sweated industries *par excellence*. They are, moreover, "seasonal" trades, and when work is slack, the distress among the alien unemployed is terrible indeed. At a mass meeting of these unhappy people, held a few months ago, the chairman declared that there were *over six thousand Jewish unemployed who did not know where to find a day's work*. And yet the eleven steamers bring more destitute aliens to the Port of London every week! It is often alleged that the immigrants do well here, that they soon rise in the social scale. Some do, but a large number of them remain as they came—extremely poor and dependent upon charity. Quite apart from the great sums collected and distributed by the Jewish Board of Guardians, the foreign poor are a constant and increasing burden on those of their co-religionists who are better off; and any Jewish tradesman or Rabbi will tell you of the overwhelming demands which are made for relief.

Another favourite calling of the immigrants is that of street-hawker. In this industry they are displacing the "coster" of Mr. Chevalier's songs as rapidly as they are driving out the Christian East-End retailers, whose shops are fast disappearing throughout whole districts. But the alien hawker does not stop in East London. Even in Westminster—in Warwick Street, for instance—he is ousting the old-fashioned native stall-keeper.

The foreign colony "down East" is a litigious colony. It disputes about everything—especially about wages. Mr. Hayden Corser, one of the Magistrates of the Worship Street Police Court, told the Royal Commission—

They could go to the County Court; but they come to us because they pay two shillings for their summons instead of a much larger hearing fee; and three or four of these interpreted cases, which are always fought out and hardly ever admitted—the evidence being interpreted on both sides—will last us an afternoon, in which time we could have disposed of a whole lot of business which could not be taken to any other court.

There is, besides, a great deal of "hard swearing" and still more petty fraud—but not to the exclusion of fraud that is by no means petty.

Destitution drives some of the immigrants to criminal and others to vicious courses. But there is a brighter side to the picture. As I have said, some of these people rise and attain a higher standard of living generally after they have sojourned among us and learned our requirements. That which drags them back so often and keeps them under is the ceaseless inflow of new arrivals without money or skill, who must compete with those already here on any terms which the "sweater" chooses to give them. If this needless inrush of merely deleterious competition were stopped, things would gradually but steadily right themselves, aided by the Sanitary and Factory Laws.

But now? It is our present system of unrestricted and unregulated immigration that gives the "sweater" his chance. And I beg all who are not indifferent to human misery to read this account of what the "sweater's" den is. It is not written by me, but by one of H.M. Assistant-Inspectors of Factories—

His workshop reeks with foul smells; the atmosphere is loaded with human vitiation; the combustion from burning refuse and the emission of sickly fumes by cheap oil-lamps and other implements of work, and from processes of manufacture, together with the absence of natural light, make this particular class of workplaces a positive danger to the community. Here the alien is imprisoned day and night, and kept at work in a semi-nude state for starvation allowance. Family and all sleep in the same room. A few women are engaged. The effect of this is found in the anæmic and helpless state of the workers. . . . The sweater is oblivious of all demands for decency. He works seven days every week and two or three intervening nights as well. Frequently, when visiting in the early morning, I have found numbers asleep—apparently from sheer exhaustion. He knows and keeps no Sabbath, and the helpless mortals who come under his influence are denied the right of knowing a Sabbath either.

Can cheap production under these conditions possibly be a benefit to the community?

## A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

*Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories.* By Henry Seton Merriman. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)

*The Vineyard.* By John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

*Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest.* By W. H. Hudson. (London: Duckworth. 6s.)

*The Nile Quest.* By Sir Harry Johnston. (London: Lawrence and Bullen. 7s. 6d.)

*Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined.* By J. B. Byles. (London: John Lane. 3s.)

*The Bibelot, 1903.* Thomas B. Mosher. (Portland, Maine.)

"Tomaso's Fortune" is one of nineteen short stories which Mr. Seton Merriman had contributed to this Journal and to various other publications. They all exhibit, and almost all equally, his fertility of invention in incident, and his expertness in what may be called circumstantial portraiture. They wear, perhaps, the occasional air, and lack the last intensity; but, just on this account, they give scope to the author's alertness in narration which, with his romantic sense, made him such entertaining and popular reading. In some of the stories the theme is tragic, but it never obsesses the writer or the reader. If it did, neither would have a mind for anything save the matter in hand; whereas, here, the author indulges and the reader welcomes free play of comment. Take the story called "The End of the Mooroo." Early in it we are told that "the passengers went on eating their last dinner on earth in that sublime ignorance which is the prerogative of passengers." We are aware from the start, therefore, that this is a tragic story; but the knowledge does not impress us. At any rate, it does not depress us; and, indeed, his manner of imparting it, with the "which is the prerogative of passengers," shows that the author did not intend it should. We can imagine a rendering of the tale in which the end of the *Mooroo* would have been hidden from us until the last page, and yet the gloom of it would have lowered from the first line. So told, the story might have been great, as by Mr. Merriman's method it could scarcely be; but, on the other hand, the chances are that it would only have been dull. Mr. Merriman's is the English, optimistic way of taking the bad with the good in this best of all possible worlds, which, curiously, but not without some justification, gives rise to the charge of hardness in the national character. In Mr. Merriman we have lost a novelist who was singularly English.

There is so much wit, so much observation of human foibles, in "The Vineyard," that we are reluctant to say the book falls short of complete success. Nevertheless, the feeling with which it will be laid down is less likely to be satisfaction than a sense of disappointment that Mrs. Craigie has just failed, here, to hit the mark. She is the interpreter of an essentially modern spirit: she fills the office admirably, but we find ourselves suspecting that she is slightly wearied by her position; and it is precisely the suggestion of this mental attitude that robs her new book of the sincerity without which its brilliant characterisation lacks appropriate setting. "The Vineyard," sparkling as it is, resembles a string of jewels threaded haphazard, rather than the symmetrical production of the careful workman. Mrs. Craigie's characters are the product of the brain unhampered by the heart; they never soar beyond her patronage, and she dismisses them into space with an indifference that does not become their creator. She is curiously, inquisitively interested in their mechanism, and she discloses a subtly feminine view of "the way of a man with a maid" which makes excellent reading; but she foresees the evanescence of youthful aspirations, the futility of passion, too clearly through the strongest passages; and the deeper significance of the souls' tragedy she has drawn seems to have eluded her. Her lovers—men and women—are too often her own mouthpiece, too fluent in what will be admitted, we think, to be usually a rather incoherent, bungled business. There are some touches of exaggeration in the lively sketches of provincial limitations. The book does not present a lofty estimate of mankind, though we are sure that "John Oliver Hobbes" has justified its accuracy to herself: we miss the fine temper of the idealist, and the merciful optimism which would not permit permanent scars to the young people whose maladies of the heart are diagnosed so minutely.

"Green Mansions" is one of the comparatively few romances legitimately so styled. It will not appeal to those to whom the word means sword and cape, brawling and duelling, brigandage in purple and fine linen; it has nothing of the aggressive flamboyancy of the romance of the "hustling" school, but of the true romance, the romance of nature, of hill and forest, primitive passion and primitive beliefs, it is redolent—in very deed tallying with the dictionary definition, "An intermixture of the wonderful and mysterious in literature." Mr. Hudson has felt the eerie fascination of the tropical country of the Guayana; he has seen its every mood, not only with the eye of the naturalist, but with the deeper vision of the poet; he knows the very soul of the savage, its ceaseless shifts, its childish superstitions, its man's cunning, its vulpine treachery; and he possesses the power of articulation in exceptional degree. His book is an admirable exposition of the real meaning of that elusive something known, for lack of a better word, as atmosphere, and the animate and inanimate alike live in its pages—paradoxical, but true. The forest at the foot of Ytaioa is no less a living thing than the birds that flutter through its foliage, the snakes that defile its undergrowth, the spiders that weave their webs between its branches, and the insects that are their prey, or than Rima herself, half sprite, yet wholly human; Nullo's hut no less than Nullo; the way to Riolama no less than the savages who make it perilous. Rima would have delighted the heart and charmed the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, and is a creation as notable as it is exquisite. That the story ends with the tragedy

abhorred of the average novel-reader is but additional witness to its author's artistry.

There is no more eventful story in the history of exploration than that contained in the disconnected chapters which make up the record of "The Nile Quest," and inasmuch as the last decade of the nineteenth century saw the completion of the work that remained for the pioneer to accomplish in the Nile Basin, the time is appropriate for such a work as this. Sir Harry Johnston, who, if not himself a pioneer in this particular field, has every qualification to act as the historian of African exploration, has produced a book of distinct value. He passes in review the achievements of travellers from the earliest times to those of the men who last described their adventures before the Royal Geographical Society, and shows us how the map of this great slice of the continent has been gradually pieced together. It was well that such a book should be written. The names of the giants among Nile explorers as Bruce, Speke, Baker, Schweinfurth, and Stanley are unlikely to be forgotten; but Sir Harry Johnston sets before us a "Roll of Fame" on which we find the names of no fewer than seventy-six travellers, each one of whom contributed something to our knowledge of the region, and some of whom paid their lives as the price. The mystery that surrounded the sources of the great river appears to have engaged attention at a very early period. More than one of the old Egyptian kings dispatched an expedition to solve it. Nero, whose name is not commonly associated with scientific enterprise, equipped a party for Nile exploration, and thereafter at long intervals Greek, Venetian, and Portuguese travellers added little by little to the quaint and fanciful maps of their age. James Bruce, who mapped the Blue Nile from its source, may perhaps be considered the father of modern exploring enterprise; but it remained for Speke to attack the great problem of the White Nile's source from the south, and for many others to fill in the blanks in his work and correct his pardonable errors. When we remember that the area of the Nile Basin is estimated at over one million square miles, and consider how tangled are the webs of itinerary traced on the map by successive expeditions, the difficulty of recognising in just proportion the merits of each explorer's labour becomes very apparent to us. Sir Harry Johnston, on the whole, has discharged this part of his work with judicial impartiality; and if he errs in his estimates the error is on the side of indulgence. It is flattering to our national pride to find that of the seventy-six explorers who among them have wrested the secret of the Nile from the wilderness, thirty-four are British, French enterprise coming next with thirteen travellers. The book contains many excellent portraits; the photographs representative of the variety of African scenery are of unequal merit.

To Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. Charles S. Devas we owe an interesting reprint on the fiscal question. Sir John Barnard Byles, who was for many years a Puisne Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and died twenty years ago, was known chiefly, not as a writer, but as a sound and sagacious lawyer, especially in connection with commercial transactions. But he wrote one book that had a great, if brief, success, running into eight editions in two years. This was his "Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined," which makes a triumphant re-appearance now under the joint editorship of the two gentlemen already referred to, with an introduction and notes suitable for the present stage of the fiscal controversy. One interesting thing about it and all such resuscitations is the reminder they supply of the fact that this controversy is a very old affair, which, though dormant, has never been dead, but has awakened up exactly where it was left so many years ago. Sir John Byles was a convert. In early life he had been a Free Trader; but was led—by a maturer judgment, his editors would say—to revise his opinions and to attack the propositions that had beguiled him for a time. For the most part these are precisely the propositions—relating to the doctrine of *Laissez faire*, free food, the importance of the consumer's interests over the producer's, exports and imports, the cheapest market, the position of the Colonies—about which debate is likely to run high again, so true is it that the controversy has only been sleeping; and, moreover, Byles examined them, not from the transcendental standpoint, but from that of logic and fact, which their present critics profess to occupy. It is even claimed for him that he was a precursor of the Historical School which rose in Germany, and aims at taking men not as abstractions, but as they are influenced by various and withal other than economical motives, and belonging to a particular nation, state, and period of history. For this reason, and because the editors, needless to say, do not fail to stroke the t's and dot the i's of Byles's argument, this volume is of the greatest interest at present.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher has a reputation of his own for the production of those dainty reprints of English classics that issue periodically from Portland, Maine, U.S.A. Every month, as many of our readers know, he issues "The Bibelot," a reprint of poetry and prose for booklovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known. Every year the twelve Bibelots are bound in a manner befitting their preciousness, and the tempting qualities of the collection are irresistible to readers who like to sip honey in this manner. The volume for 1903 opens with a selection from the Greek Anthology; and other contents are "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats; "Lyrics," by Andrew Lang; and Mr. J. W. Mackail's "Essay on Virgil in English Verse." Henley's "Lyrics" and a well-known extract from De Quincey go to make up the volume. The text we cannot but accept gladly. The whole work, in fact, is the pleasantest possible variation of the proverbial old friend with a new face.



## ART NOTES.

The spring art-season in the Haymarket has set in with its usual severity. But it is easy enough for the discriminating to pick out at least a delightful bouquet of pictures from the collections brought together with accustomed diligence by Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons and Mr. Thomas McLean. Very early on your rounds you find yourself in choice company. At the McLean Gallery, No. 7 is the "Suspense" of Josef

Stevens—the picture of a pretty frock. The "No Thoroughfare" of Le Sidaner is a large and really studied study of walls and windows in vague evening light.

At the Tooth Gallery, too, is a Harpignies—his "Sous Bois," but it is not a very interesting example. But the Corot, "Les Environs d'Ardennes" is altogether beautiful, with its gently recorded trees set darkly against a distance dissolved in light. The Diaz, "Dans le Forêt," is a fine picture, although scarcely to be

for something freshly its own. Burne-Jones gave it no heed. The type of face that appeared alike in his Madonnas, his angels, his beggars, and his queens was that with which a consumptive-specialist is already too familiar; but the protests of an age that boasted of its physique and its sanitation fell on deaf ears. "Burn Jones!" exclaimed the comic journalist on his lowest level. But the artist held his own, and he has now entered upon his reward. Paris has forgotten its enthusiasm for Whistler



SECURITY FROM STRAY SHOTS: THE NEW SAFETY RANGE AT CHERTSEY.

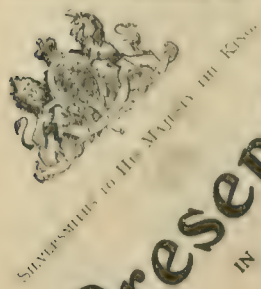
The marksmen fire through apertures in a series of screens which intercept all bullets that are aimed wide of the target. The danger from random shots is thus reduced to a minimum.

Israels—the usual greys by a master of greys. Its neighbour, "The Syren Ship," by Mr. John M. Swan, A.R.A., is a fanciful little picture which could, however, very well be spared from the picked collection of this artist's vivid work at the Fine Art Society. "The Hay Cart," by Corot, strikes us as a little painty, and therefore lacking that impressive delicacy of handling—the more impressive the more delicate it is—which is the master's triumph. The "Sunset in Autumn," by H. Harpignies, has been finished from memory in the studio, for the paint is still hardly dry. Most finished and admirable in style is "Le Printemps," by Alfred

classed as a fine Diaz. With these masterpieces are many other examples of the sort that go to rich but not fastidious collectors.

At the Leicester Galleries, admirers of Sir Edward Burne-Jones have an array of his studies and drawings. It is something to the artist's credit that no description of his handiwork is needed. He was individual, and persistent in his individuality. He had a theory and a practice, and he adhered to them amid all the winds and tides of artistic doctrine. It was a reversion, and the nineteenth century in its heyday clamoured

in its enthusiasm for Burne-Jones, and the sale-rooms tell the tale of his triumph in round figures never reached now by works of artists who were popular when Burne-Jones was pushed aside. Perhaps it may now be seen that this painter was not so apart from his age as the strenuous imagined. There has been a return to the primitive and the mediæval among men and women in general—in religion, in poetry, in the ideals of life. The unrest of the age could not, perhaps, be caught on the stationary canvas otherwise than by that fixed and monotonous expression of discontent which these sketches and studies betray. W. M.



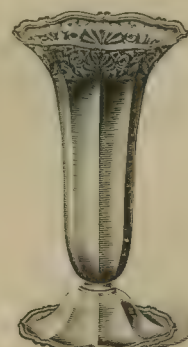
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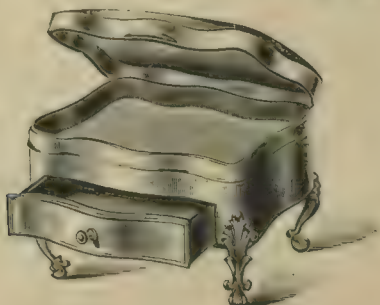


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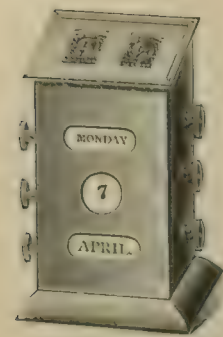
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## LADIES' PAGES.

At their Majesties' first Court black and white predominated, owing to the mourning for the late Duke of Cambridge not being quite terminated. The Queen's robes were black, with a train of silver embroidery; but the corsage, sparkling with diamonds, the orders, and the wide blue ribbon of the Garter made her appearance, as usual, brilliantly beautiful. The Marchioness of Londonderry, who attended in the royal circle as wife of the Lord President of the Council, wore black mousseline velours, the skirt slit up in points to introduce lace fans, each point trimmed with a jewelled tassel; the train was of brocaded velvet gauze lined with white and draped with lace. The Marchioness of Lansdowne wore black net embroidered in floral wreaths with jet, and black satin train. The Marchioness of Tweeddale wore black gauze over white satin, embroidered with lines of jet sequins and trimmed with white and black artificial blossoms, the latter centred by diamonds; the black brocaded velvet gauze train was laid over cloth-of-silver, and adorned with similar flowers to those on the corsage, diamond-hearted in the centre of black petals. Several brides were presented on their marriage. None looked more handsome than Lady Ludlow, in an uncommon and beautiful gown of shades of yellow. The train was of gauze shading through five tones, from champagne to almost flame-colour. The dress was brocade of champagne and creamy-yellow tints, draped with exquisite old lace and embroidered round in points in the colours of the brocade; and chains of diamonds and sapphires were used to arrange the draperies. Lady Lansdowne presented her new daughter-in-law, Lady Kerry, who wore her wedding dress of white chiffon trimmed with chiffon roses, and a train of lace sparingly embroidered with silver. The Countess of Lytton's uncommon beauty (famous when she was Miss Pamela Plowden) was seen to advantage in the gown in which she was presented on her marriage, of white chiffon trimmed with gold-embroidered lace, and footed by a hem of shaded roses, ranging from pink to crimson; side panels of brocaded mousseline velours in pale gold and cream; and train of cloth-of-gold over silver.

Lady Burdett-Coutts' attainment of her ninetieth birthday is an event that arouses national interest. Already remarkable for the enlightenment and wisdom, no less than for the benevolence and public spirit, with which she used the fortune that made her "the greatest heiress of the century," the noble lady (in the truest sense of the words) has now become remarkable for the length of days which she has attained in continued possession of vitality and mental capacity such as many twenty years her juniors would envy. The benefactions of Lady Burdett-Coutts have not been of the unwise and petty order that pauperises the recipients, but



A DRESS OF TAFFETAS AND LACE.

have been charities planned on a great scale. A happy parallel is afforded on the other side of the Atlantic, where Miss Helen Gould, one of Jay Gould's joint heiresses to millions, has given a similar illustration of combined wisdom and goodness in the use of wealth.

"Length of days" is so steadily held out as a reward in the Bible's promises, and is, in point of fact, so generally seen to be conferred on those who serve their generation, that apparently there is some attraction greater than appears in prospect in the attainment of old age. Looking forward, many of us must feel as James Smith (of "Rejected Addresses" fame) did when he wrote—

World, in thy ever-busy mart,  
I've acted no unnoticed part;  
"Would I resume it?" Oh, no!  
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale,  
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,  
And reason asks, *Cui Bono?*  
I fear not, Fate, thy pendent shears:  
There are who ask for length of years;  
To them, not me, allot 'em.  
Life's cup is nectar at the brink,  
Midway a palatable drink,  
And wormwood at the bottom.

But it does not seem to be really "wormwood" when health is retained. And the long life of most hard workers for good causes is a striking fact. The English publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has just died at past eighty; and it is recalled that also the author of that powerful and effective fiction, the English reader who recommended its republication over here, and the negro who sat for the hero's character, all lived into "their eighties"—as if the book had had some magic influence on all connected with its issue.

In speaking of Miss Cobbe's fortune, left to her as a recognition of her public work by one personally little known, I observed that I knew of no other instance than her case of a bequest to a woman in consideration of her public services. From this I should have excepted royal ladies; for a Mr. Neild left a quarter of a million to Queen Victoria, and the Duchesse de Galliera bequeathed even a larger sum to the Empress Frederick. This last-mentioned legacy I have been reminded of by the announcement of an exhibition of lace being about to be opened in the museum in Paris which owes its origin to the same testatrix—the Musée Galliera, close to the Trocadero. The forthcoming exhibition of lace in that building promises to be the most interesting display of its kind ever shown. Madame Loubet lends a beautiful set of Colbert lace, and the Pope sends the lace coat presented to the late Pope by the people of the Lisieux and Bayeux dioceses on the occasion of his jubilee as a priest. Queenly laces are contributed by her Majesty of Portugal, who is, of course, a daughter of the old French royal house, and who lends her marriage veil; and also by that great collector, the Queen Dowager of Italy; while

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historic royal laces are the wedding-dress and other adornments of the Empress Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon. Although lace is so much used at present, it seems that there is little advantage to the hand-workers in the fashion, since machine-made laces are fearlessly employed on the most fashionable costumes; and the display of the true article is organised to revive the strict taste that will accept no imitation, however close, as equal to the genuine product of the bobbin and the needle in the individual worker's hand.

Lord Beaconsfield would indeed be pleased if he could know of the romantic commemoration of his showy and decorative personality by the general wearing of the most modest and unassuming blossom that grows. He was one of the men who, in days that are gone, loved to exercise the privilege then enjoyed by the stronger sex of being as decorative as any women. Even in his own time, however, the splendour of the young Disraeli in costume used to arouse some remark, as we may infer from the frequent descriptions of it that remain. Here is a vivid sketch of the future Premier as a young man, drawn from the letters of the brilliant Lady Dufferin, the mother of the late Marquis: "Mr. Disraeli wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seams, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down to his shoulders." However, Lady Dufferin says that she told him that "he made a fool of himself" by appearing in such a fantastic guise, and he afterwards modified his costume. Still, when N. P. Willis later on saw Disraeli at Lady Blessington's, he wore "a waistcoat embroidered with gorgeous gold flowers, patent-leather pumps, and a quantity of chains about his neck, carried a white stick with a black tie and tassel, and wore a mass of jet-black ringlets falling over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock." Did I not rightly say that it must have been more amusing to see men in full dress in past times than it is now?

All the decoration is left to us nowadays, and the shop-windows and show-rooms are full to repletion with the most charming dress goods and accessory trifles for us. This is the true blossoming time of the year in the world of costume. It is long since the accessories of dress, the little ties and fichus, and collars and belts, and other "finishes," have had so much importance as now. Stock ties are so elaborately embroidered that they become quite costly trifles. A short-necked woman is at a disadvantage in this matter; for however pretty a tie may be in itself, it spoils her



A PRETTY DESIGN IN VOILE.

appearance by giving her a "humpy" look. The thin-throated girl, on the contrary, cannot have too many of these adjuncts to her costumes. A form of fancy-work at once useful and agreeable is to be found in embroidering or braiding a tie for oneself. A piece of plain satin ribbon, embroidered with a running pattern in silk of two or three harmonising shades, fringed with a narrow silk fringe at the tip, is easy to construct. A white silk soft collar-band, with a fancy ribbon run on or an embroidered line worked on either side, and set at the front with a couple of little bows under the chin, is a pretty idea for a long-necked wearer. These tiny bows are very fashionable at present on waistbelts and fronts of dresses, too. They are made up quite stiffly—a small bow outstanding at each side of a firmly twisted-over central band, with, in some cases, a tiny buckle or button fitted in the centre of the over-fold. The narrowest baby-ribbon velvet bands run on folded silk gives another idea for a tie. Velvet discs can be attached with a concealed stitch at the edges or by means of a firmly sticking gum; and these set on a jabot of plain mousseline-de-soie look very stylish.

Linen collars are fashionable again—unfortunately for the aspect of the throat in evening dress. These, of course, imply a decorative tie to fill up the space in front, but the collars themselves also are frequently embroidered. This, being a stiffened affair, must obviously be left to professional fingers, by which the linen is worked upon before the "dressing" is added. The variety of choice in linen collars is considerable. Some are quite heavily embroidered all over with a design in white linen thread; others are spotted with either white or coloured spots; and these, again, may be diffused all over the surface or may be arranged in two or three lines round the edge of the collar. The fancy for a pointed front turned down towards the bust, which has been seen in little lace collars in the spring, is translated to the linen collars too; and then no tie is possible, but a narrow band of ribbon can be tied round the throat above the collar. Such a bright-coloured ribbon, with a smart, tiny bow having jaunty little tips under the left ear, may be donned to relieve the stiffness and the dead whiteness of the linen, which is not very favourable to the average complexion. Colour is plentifully used in the ties and stocks, the idea being that a plain gown is thus easily brightened and smartened. Striped ribbon, such as green and gold, old rose and black, red and green, blue and biscuit, and so forth, is employed. It is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds of different designs in neck-wear on view in London at present.

Rouleaux of satin form one of the fashionable methods of trimming, as seen on the taffetas gown depicted in our Illustration. The other is a charming design in voile, with white silk revers and bands of black-and-white passementerie. FILOMENA.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London had public engagements for every day this week. One of the most interesting was his address to men at the Mansion House meeting over which Lord Ashcombe presided. Representatives of many leading City warehouses were present. The arrangements were made by the Rev. J. Stephen Barrass, Rector of St. Lawrence Jewry, who has invited so many eminent preachers to his midday services that his church is now almost as popular as it was in the days of Tillotson.

The Bishop of Southwell visited Nottingham last week, and opened the handsome new Church House, which will contain the diocesan library, and will also form the headquarters of the Nottingham Sunday School Federation.

The May Meetings have now fairly begun; the principal events of this week besides the spring assembly of the Baptist Union having been the Bishop of Oxford's sermon at St. Paul's on behalf of the S.P.G., and the annual meeting of that great society at Exeter Hall.

Another important event was the Grosvenor House meeting on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund.

This fund, as the Bishop and his predecessor, Dr. Creighton, have often laughingly admitted, is unhappily named, and its title sometimes causes misunderstandings. Thus ill instructed though kindly Churchmen (possibly with some confused recollection of the "supplement" system in the Presbyterian churches) have been heard to remark doubtfully, "Well, I don't grudge money for a good object, but surely the Bishop's salary is large enough already!"

A committee has been formed to arrange for the restoration of Bishop Hooper's monument in St. Mary's Churchyard, Gloucester. A meeting was held last week



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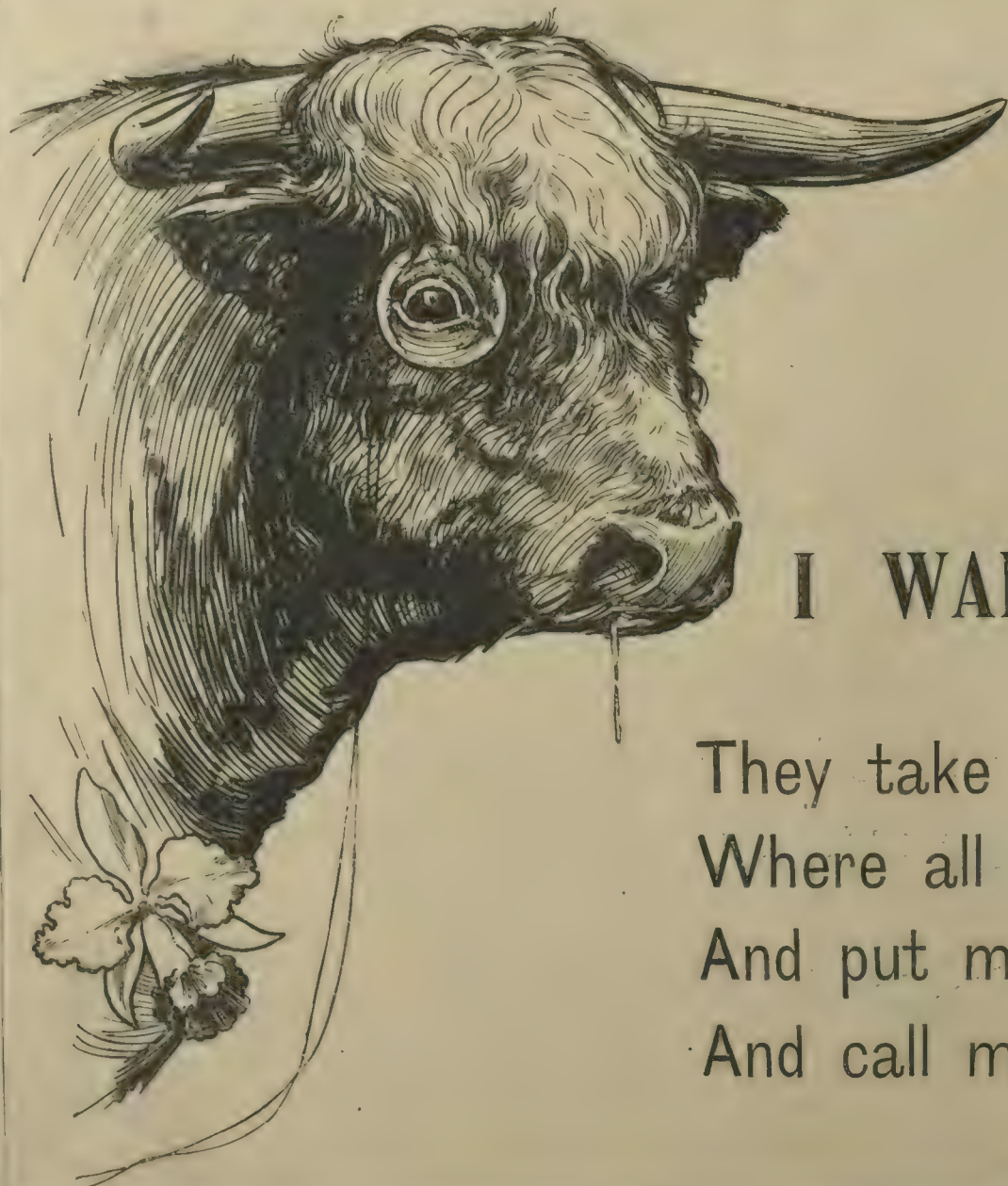
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN VIENNA: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES  
AT THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN.

in the Guildhall, when it was announced that nearly £1000 had already been promised towards the fund. The memorial to Gloucester's martyr-Bishop was unveiled in 1863, but the years have played havoc with it, and the stone tracery has crumbled away.

The late Dean Farrar was to the end of his life actively interested in the decoration of the Chapter House at Canterbury, and he himself sanctioned the design for the large west window, which is to be filled with stained glass as a memorial of his connection with the Cathedral. The west window which has been placed in Exeter Cathedral to the memory of Archbishop Temple will be unveiled on July 1; and the Canterbury memorial, a bronze kneeling figure of the late Primate

be home on Sunday, May 1, the anniversary of his settlement at the City Temple. V.

Variable gears for cycles have been found so advantageous that the best of them will ere long be considered as necessary an addition to a cycle as the free-wheel. Although the two-speed gear for motor-cars was quickly discarded for three, it was not till a year ago that a three-speed for cycles was put upon the market. This, the Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear, is made by the Raleigh Cycle Company, Limited, but it can be fitted to any make of cycle. By a slight forward pressure of the thumb against the lever on the handle-bar a twenty-five per cent increase of speed is obtained without faster pedalling.



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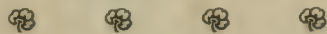
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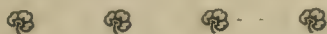
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE RICH MRS. REPTON," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"The Rich Mrs. Repton," Mr. Carton's new comedy at the Duke of York's, is one of those plays that amuse us despite ourselves, that exhilarate though they may not elevate. At the close we remember that the plot is of the slenderest, and is eked out by extraneous episodes; that we have been imposed upon by stale old devices such as eavesdropping; that the characters are fantasies, not live people. But while the piece lasts we are content to let Mr. Carton have his way, knowing that somehow this brilliant wit, this English Capus, always contrives an enjoyable entertainment. This time the playwright relies on humour rather than on epigram, but he still voices, and even more forcibly than usual, that comfortable social optimism of his—the charity that grants much and expects but little. The idea with which his play starts is as grotesque as it is happy. Here is a good-natured, motherly minded rich widow, who founds a club, or rather "home," for upper-class "dead-beats," men who are failures but still "good fellows." Mrs. Repton's complacency towards her protégés is so amazing that she even consents to engage herself for two months to a young peer that he may keep his duns at bay and get time to win on the right horse; she even submits to an un-miable

cleric's exposure of her past that she may act as *deus ex machina* of the youngster's love-story. The lad's real sweetheart, however, only appears in the last act, and to bolster up his comedy Mr. Carton has to resort to a crude scene of blackmail, in which, of course, Mrs. Repton is the hero's good angel. According to custom, Miss Compton, otherwise Mrs. Carton, assists her husband, playing the title-rôle with that languid, telling drawl, that exquisitely mannered, unemotional art of hers which makes her middle-aged heroines inimitable; while such capable artists as Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Lowne, boyish Mr. A. E. Matthews, and pretty Miss Dora Barton also do their best for a dramatist who has seemingly hit the taste as well as the tone of his "smart" public.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR," AT WYNDHAM'S.

That charming dramatic fantasy of Captain Marshall's, "His Excellency the Governor," has been transferred from the Duke of York's to Wyndham's Theatre, and still its picturesque tropical setting and its general atmosphere of love-making win for the author's amiable fable hearty acceptance, and still Miss Irene Vanbrugh shows her comedy side at its most piquant in the rôle of the fascinating adventuress, Stella de Gex. But those who wish to renew acquaintance with Mr. Marshall's little play, and to see once more Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss

Vanbrugh before they take "Letty" into the provinces, should waste no time, for "His Excellency" gives place to "Cynthia" and Miss Ethel Barrymore in a very few days.

The London and North Western Railway Company is making important alterations in the train service between London and Manchester and Liverpool, to come into operation from Monday, May 2. There will be a train in each direction between London and Manchester which will perform the journey in three and a-half hours, thus shortening by fifteen minutes their quickest runs heretofore made between London and Manchester. The only intermediate stop will be at Stockport. These trains will leave Euston at 6 p.m., and Manchester (London Road) at 4.10 p.m., and will have dining-cars attached for first, second, and third class passengers. A new luncheon-car express without intermediate stoppage to Crewe will leave Euston at 12.10 noon, and arrive Manchester at 3.50 p.m. The same company announces that a considerable improvement in its train and boat service between London and Belfast and other parts of the North of Ireland, via Holyhead and Greenore, comes into force on Monday, May 2, the departure from London (Euston) being altered from 6.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., with an arrival in Belfast the following morning at 7.40.

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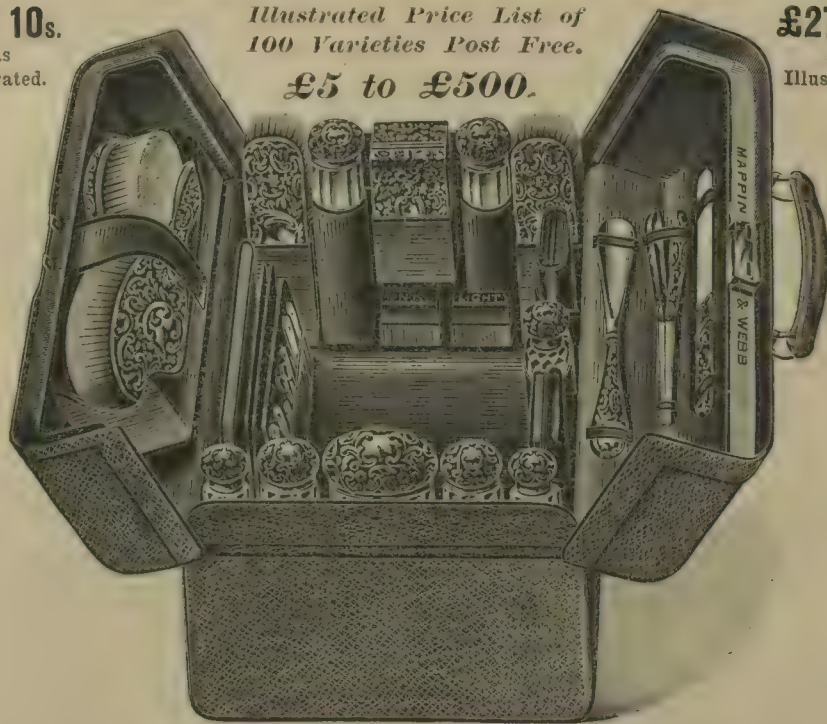
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## MUSIC.

The evening concert of the Kruse Festival at the Queen's Hall on April 18 gave the best chance of the entire series to Herr Felix Weingartner. In this concert he firmly established his reputation here as a very original and great conductor. He is full of buoyancy and enthusiasm, but his greatest gift is his catholicity of taste. It would be impossible to assign him to any school; but while this is so, it is in Tchaikowsky that he is at his very best. The "Symphonie Pathétique" was an extraordinary performance, and never has it been better played at the Queen's Hall. The programme opened with a suite in B minor of Bach for flute and string orchestra; the solo flute was beautifully played by Mr. Albert Fransella. This was followed by Bach's well-known concerto in A minor for the violin and orchestra, in which Professor Johann Kruse did some excellent work in the solo violin part. He was specially good in the lovely melody of the andante. An interesting little Italian serenade in G major by Hugo Wolf was given, and a suite in D major, by Stanford, again for the violin and orchestra, with Professor Kruse playing the solo part, was performed. It is not in any sense a great work, but it has some graceful movements, full of technical cleverness, brilliant, and at the same time trivial in its effect.

Mr. Henry Wood gave an interesting lecture on the wood-wind of the orchestra on April 22, at St. James's Hall before the Concert-Goers' Club. His lecture, freed

from too great technicalities, was rendered additionally interesting by the charming illustrations of the capabilities of the different wood instruments. It was perhaps the giant scale that gave most pleasure, played by flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. Some delightful music of Schumann, Spohr, Richard Strauss, Weber, etc., was performed. Mr. Henry Wood, by his clearness of expression and power of investing the subject with interest to the merest amateur, gives evidence of being a splendid teacher as well as a heaven-born conductor. M. I. H.

The season at Ranelagh promises to be one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of the Club. Many admirable structural alterations have been carried out; including the making of a third and new polo-ground, which has now been laid out, on the far side of the Beverley Brook. A new road has been made, enabling coaches to be driven to the Show Ground Enclosure without passing amongst the members and visitors.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1900) of Mr. Charles Henry Gatty, LL.D., of Felbridge Place, Surrey, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on April 19 by Alfred Leighton Sayer and Charles Lane Sayer, the cousins, the value of the estate being sworn at £192,945. He gives £2000 to the British and Foreign Society; £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Colonial and Continental Church Society; £250 to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs; £5000 to George William Seymour; £4000 to Harry Bentinck Budd; £3000 to his cousin Katharine Sayer; £2000 to Alexander John Scott Scott-Gatty; £500 each to the Rev. William Carlisle Sayer Milward, Grace Elizabeth Sutcliffe, Florence Thynne, Arthur Hastie, and the Rev. Charles Walter Payne-Crawford; £250 to the Rev. John Thorp; and legacies to servants.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1891) of Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, of Nuneham Park, Oxfordshire, who died on March 22, was proved on April 15 by Sir William George Granville Vernon Harcourt, M.P., the uncle, the value of the estate being £130,188, so far as can at present be ascertained. The testator gives his estates in the counties of Oxfordshire and Berkshire and any other freehold property to Sir William Harcourt for life, with remainder to his son Lewis Vernon Harcourt for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in seniority in tail male. He bequeaths £100 to his agent,

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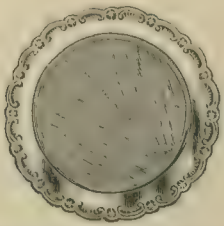
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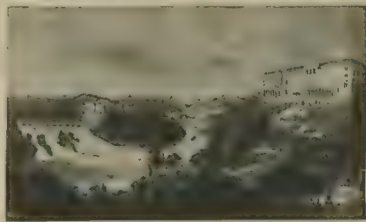


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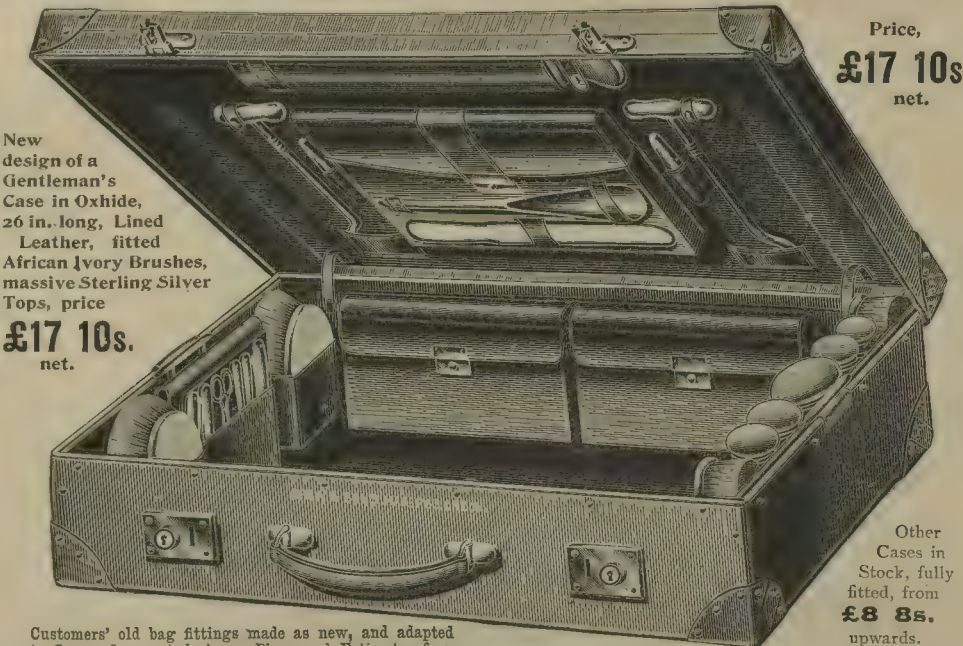
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Harry Gale, and legacies to servants, and he leaves the residue of his property to Sir William Harcourt.

The Irish probate of the will (dated July 30, 1869), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1904), of Sir James Musgrave, Bart., D.L., of Drumglass House, Belfast, Chairman of the Donegal Railway Company, who died on Feb. 22, granted to Henry Musgrave and Edgar Musgrave, the brothers, was resealed in London on April 18, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £80,370. The testator leaves all his property to his said two brothers, share and share alike.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1901), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1902), of Mr. William Astle, of 160, Denmark Hill, a director of the London and Westminster Bank, who died on March 7, was proved on April 14 by William George Devon Astle, the son, Henry Smith, and Lionel Alfred Martin, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,152. The testator gives £100 to Henry Smith, and legacies to servants; and subject thereto leaves all his estate and effects among his children.

The will (dated May 8, 1903) of Mr. John Forbes, K.C., of Lincoln's Inn, and Hazeldean, Putney Hill, Recorder of Hull, who died on March 18, was proved on April 21 by Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Forbes, the widow,

Mrs. Emma Walsh, the daughter, Herbert Francis Manisty, and David Hugh Watson Askew, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,017. The testator bequeaths £300 and the household furniture to his wife; £100 each to his brothers James and Alexander; £500 to his daughter; and £100 each to Herbert Francis Manisty and David Hugh Watson Askew. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, then to his daughter, for her life, and then to her children as she shall appoint. Should she leave no issue, then he gives £10,000 to the Aberdeen University for a scholarship in physical, biological, and chemical science, and the ultimate residue between the Royal Homes for Ladies of Limited Means, the Barristers' Benevolent Association, the Chelsea Hospital for Women, St. Thomas's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street).

The will (dated April 27, 1899) of Mrs. Julia Jane Hampson, widow of the Rev. William Seymour Hampson, of Thurnham Court, Maidstone, who died on March 10, was proved on April 19 by Sir George Francis Hampson, Bart., and the Rev. Thomas Philip Hampson, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £26,904. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her younger sons

Charles Seymour, Thomas Philip, and John Nicholl; and leaves the residue of her property between them and her son Sir George Francis, he bringing into account the sum of £3000.

The will (dated July 31, 1903) of Sir Henry Charles Eden Malet, Bart., of Wilbury, near Salisbury, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on April 14 by Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, Bart., G.C.B., the brother, and William Watson Rutherford, the value of the estate being £23,690. The testator gives certain jewels, plate, etc., horses and carriages to his wife, Dame Laura Campbell Jane Malet; and the furniture, pictures, works of art, etc., at Wilbury to his brother. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1903) of Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., of 31, Bolton Gardens, who died on March 24, was proved on April 21 by Dame Tama Arnold, the widow, Edwin Lester Arnold, the son, Mrs. Lilian Katherine Earle, the daughter, and Robert Anthony Arnold, the nephew, the value of the estate being £6417. The testator appoints the funds of his first marriage settlement to his children Edwin Lester and Lilian Katherine; and of his second marriage to his son Gilbert Emmerson. All his property he leaves to his wife.

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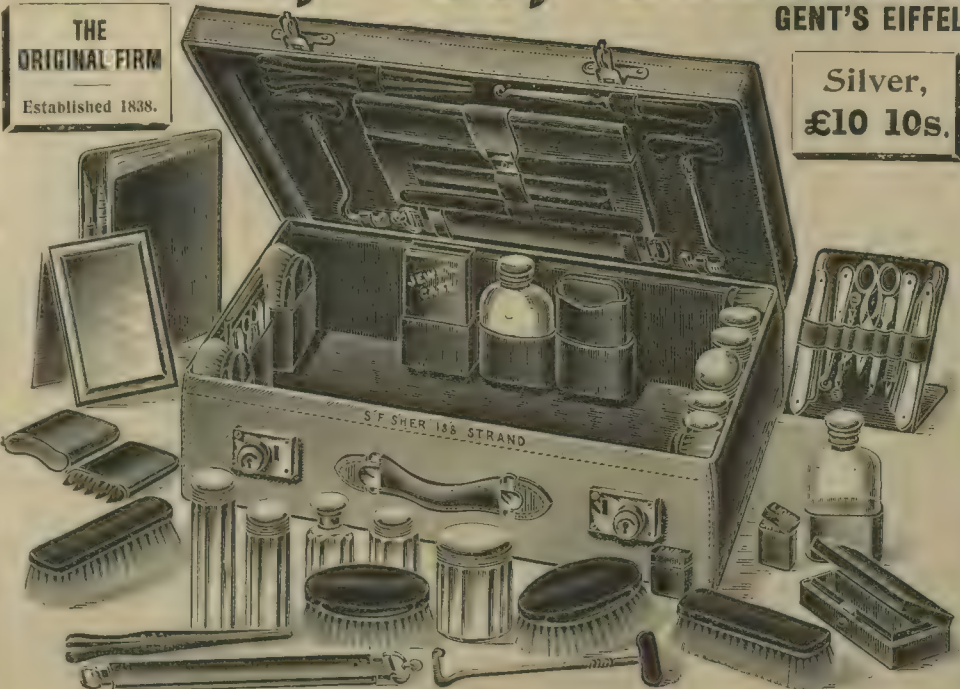
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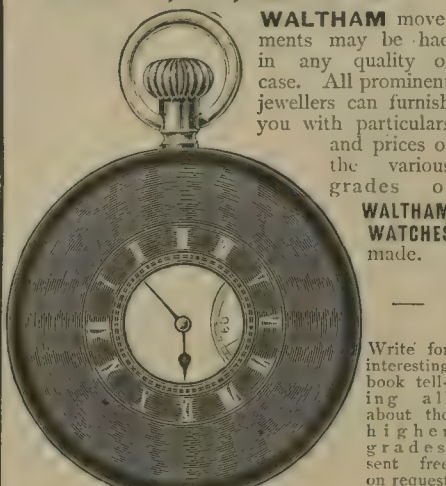
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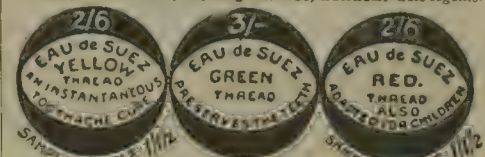


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(With or without Spats Spats made detachable if required.)

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Great Support to the Leg.  
Can be worn under Trousers to keep the Leg Dry and Warm.  
Can be Used without Stockings.

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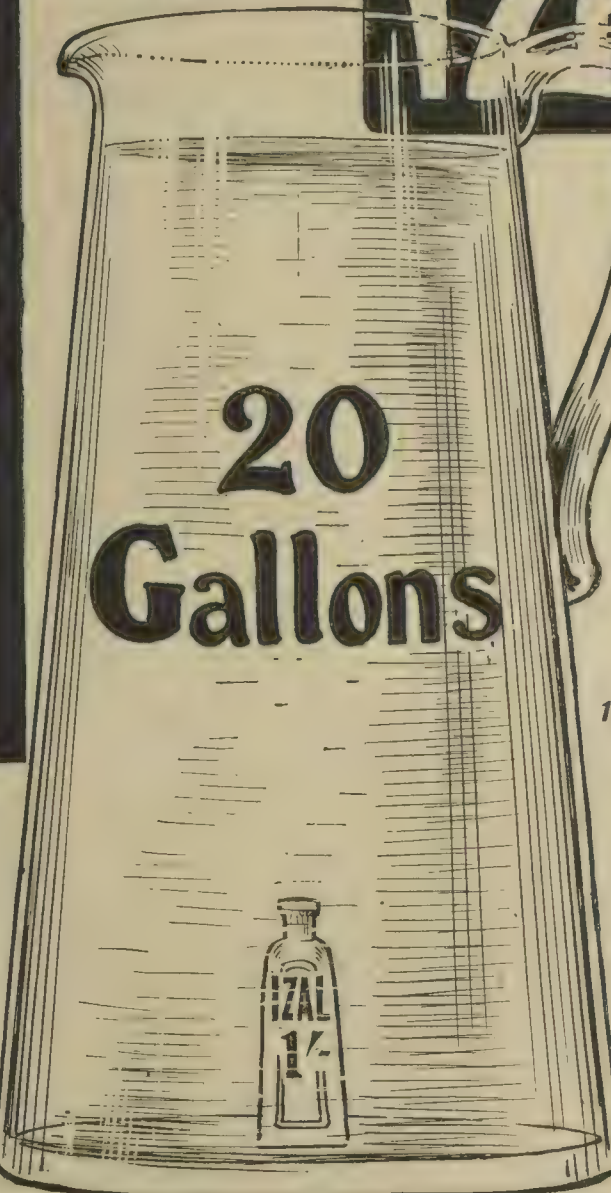
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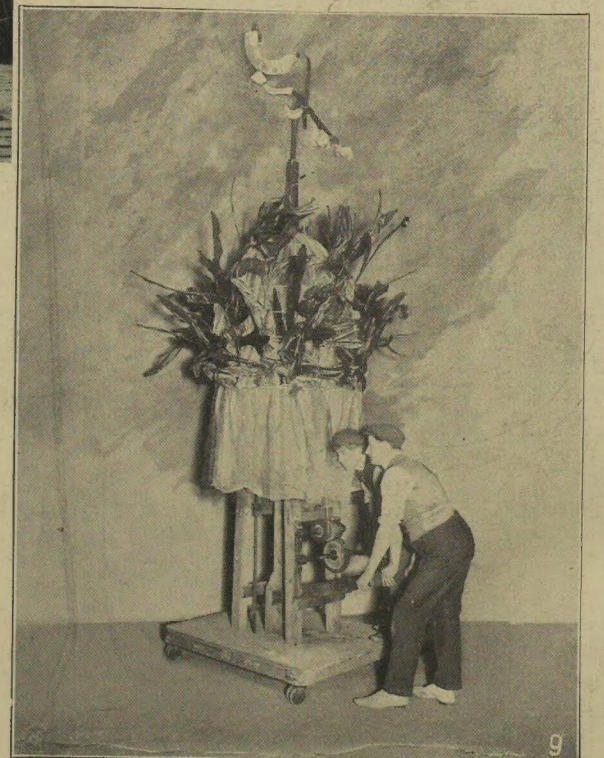
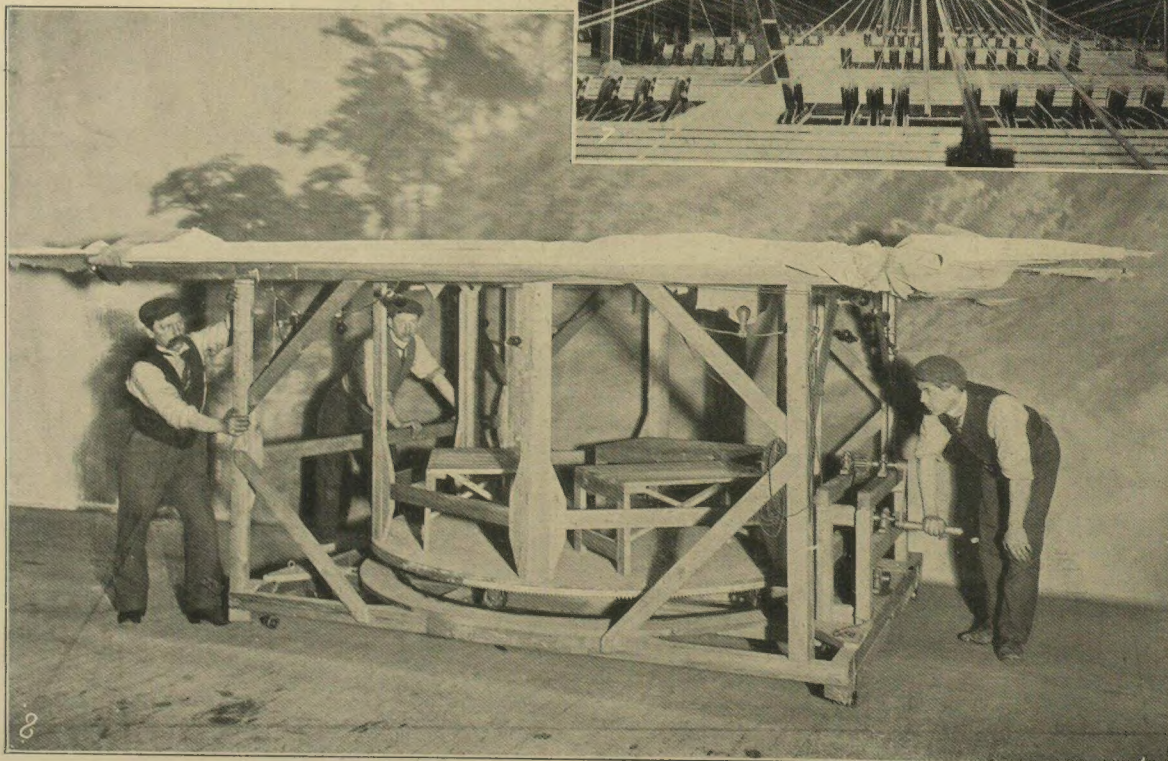
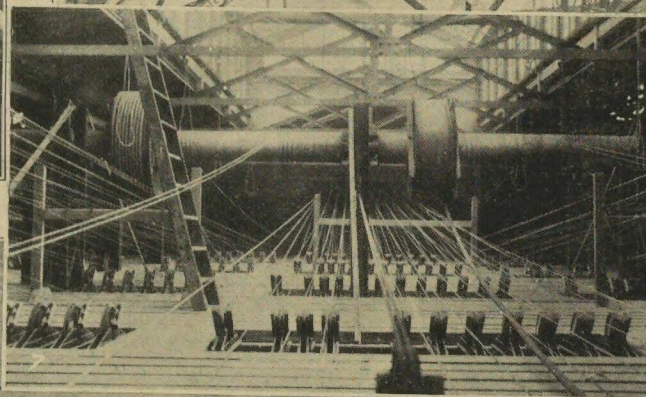
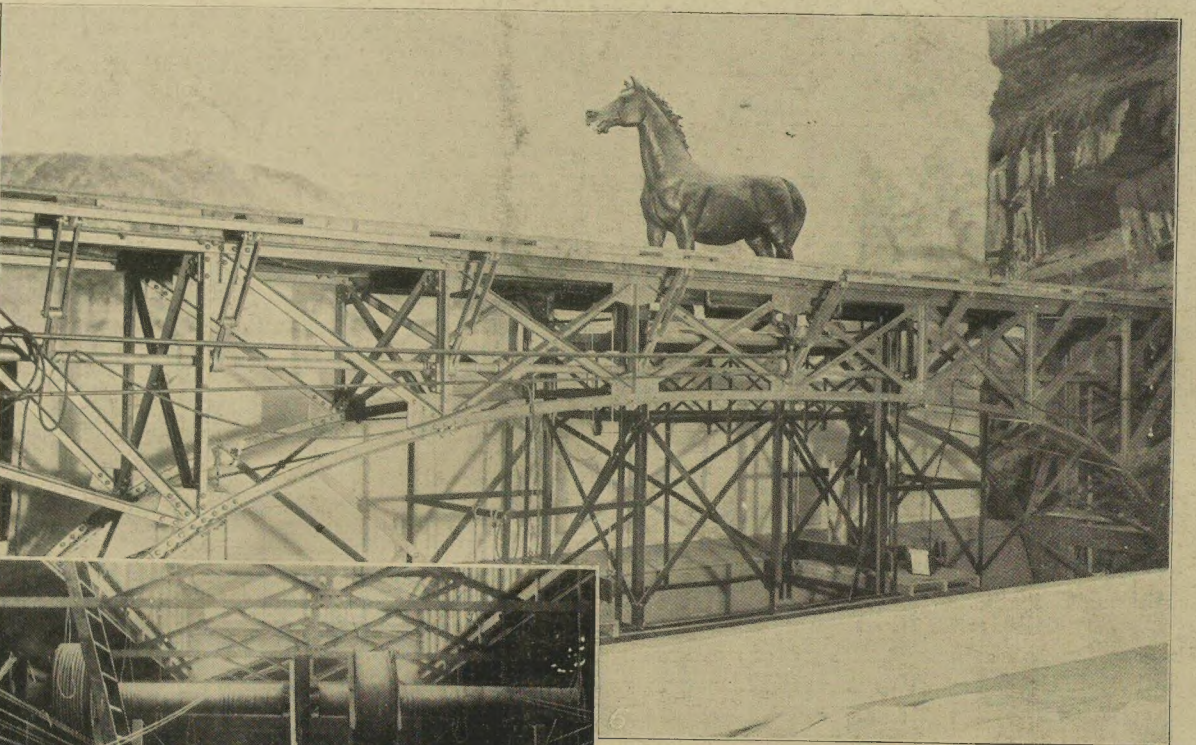
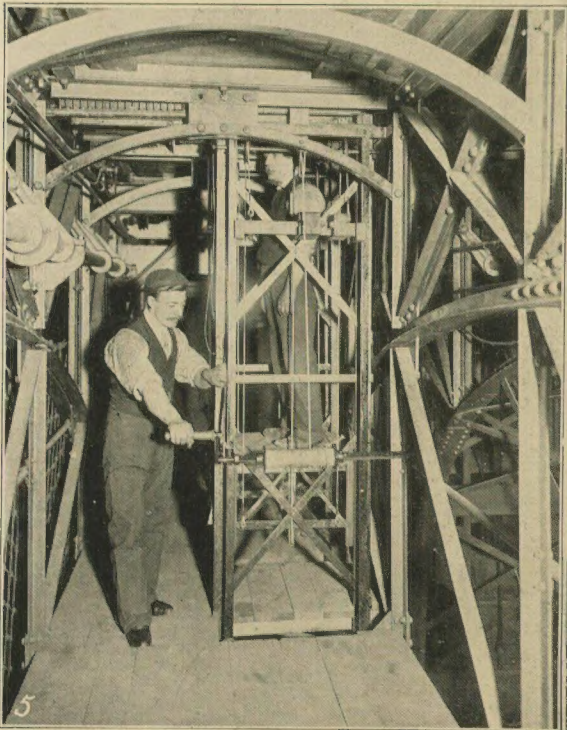
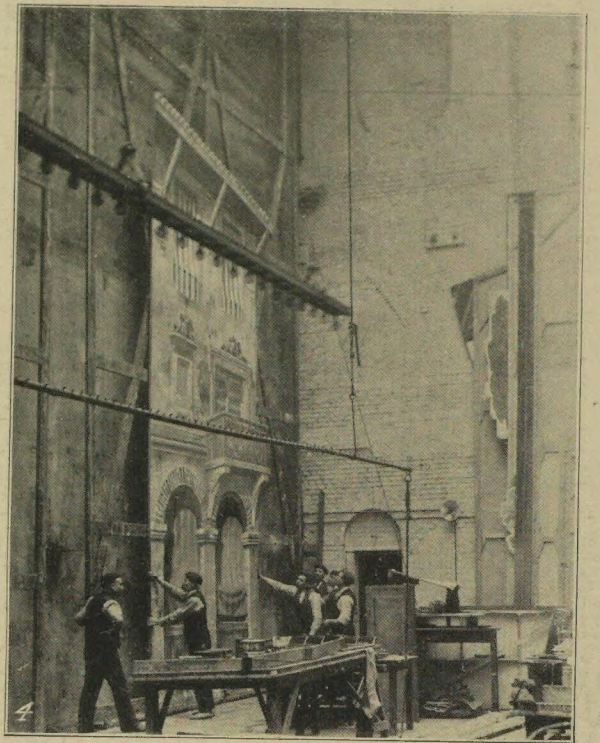
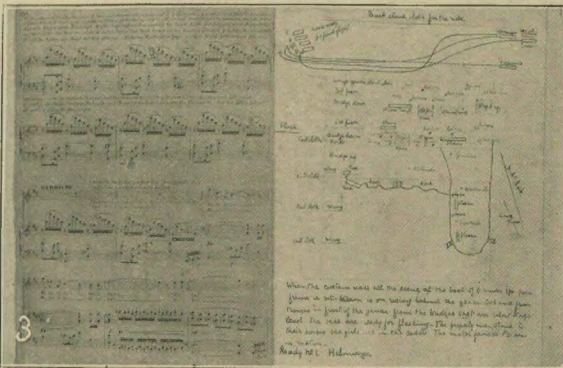
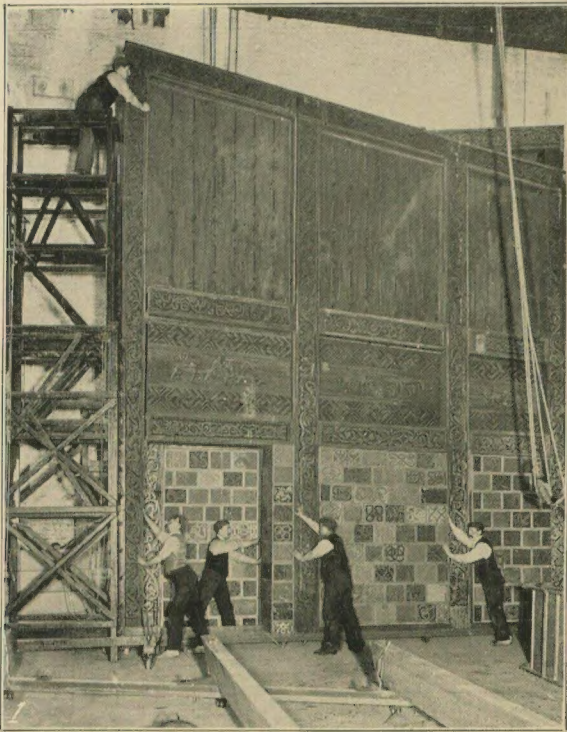
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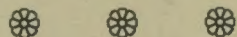
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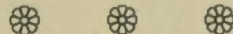
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Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet  
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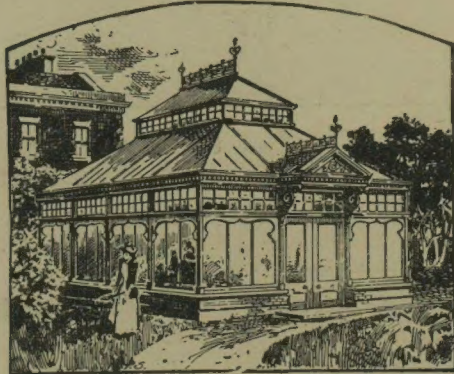


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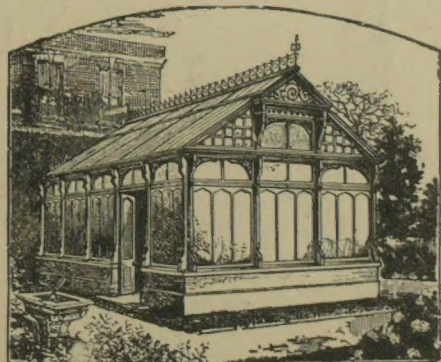
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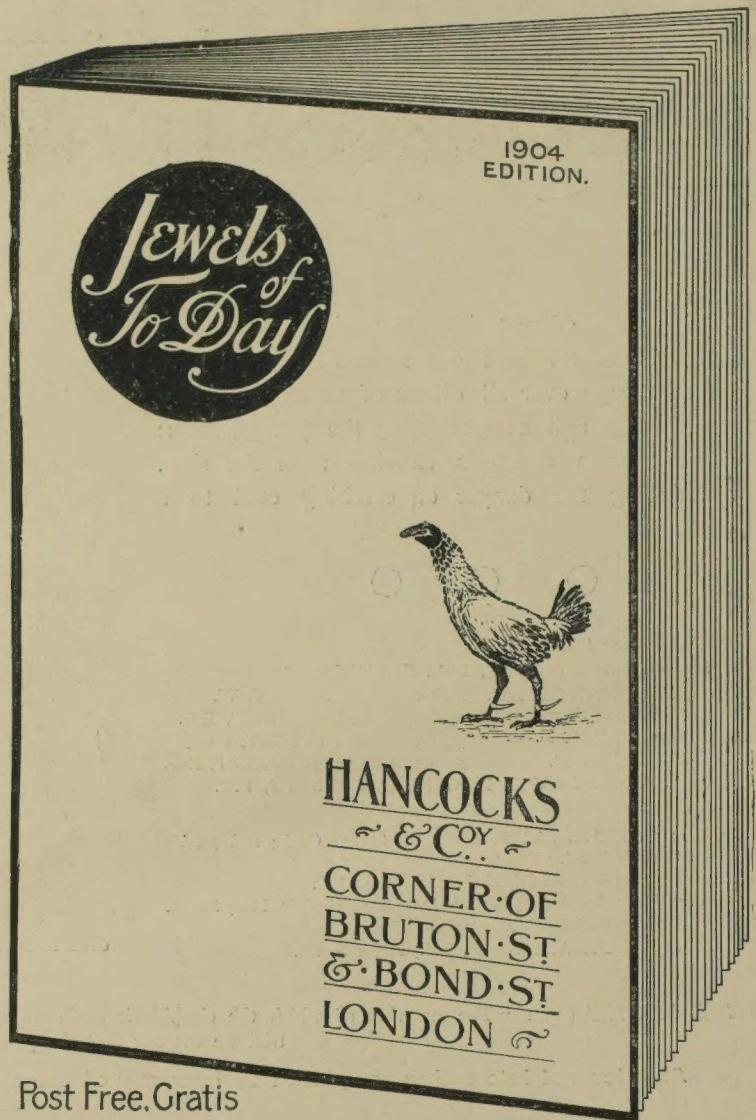
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